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# Saturday Review

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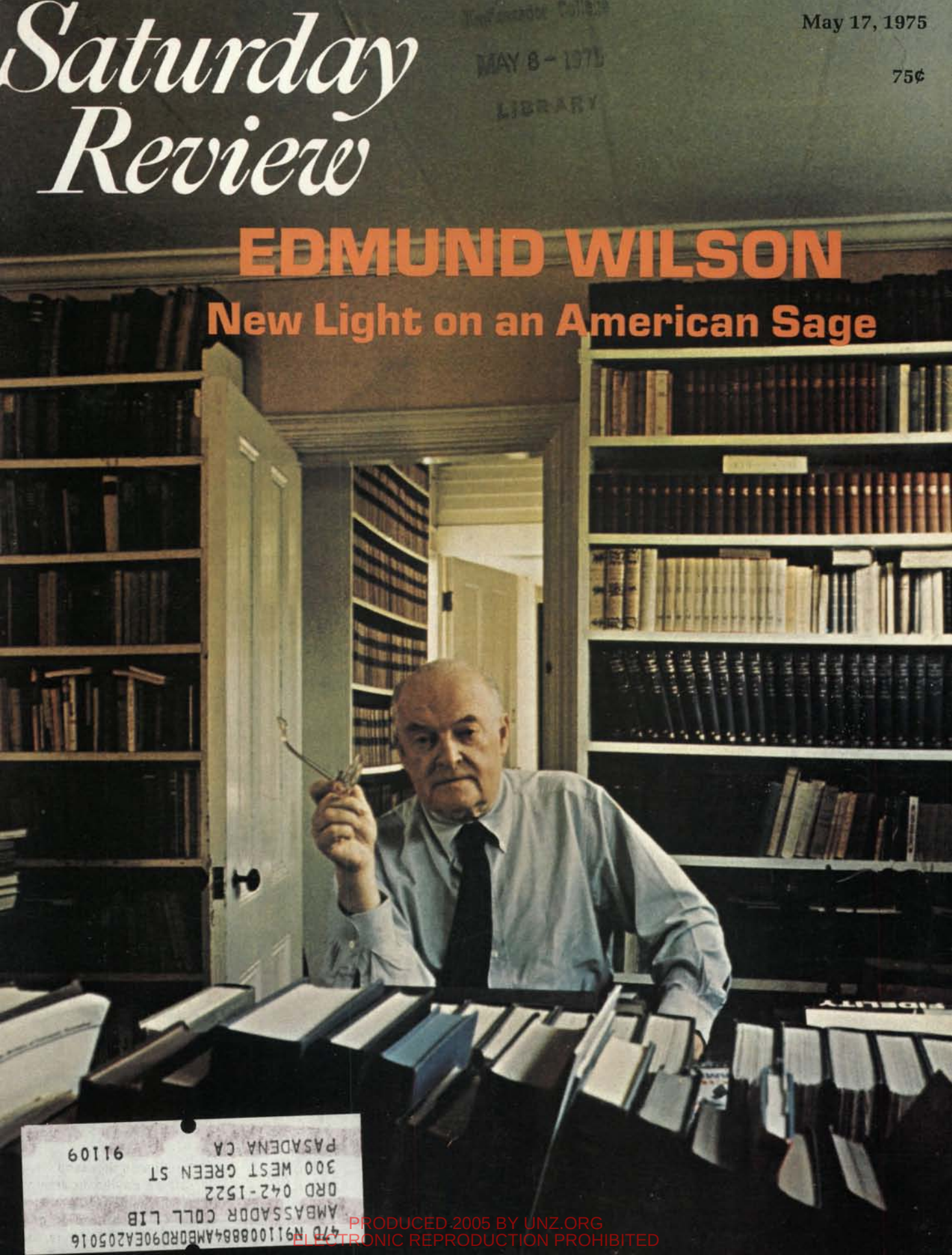

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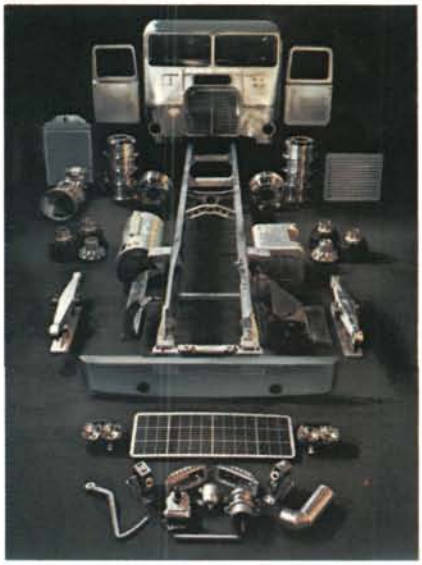

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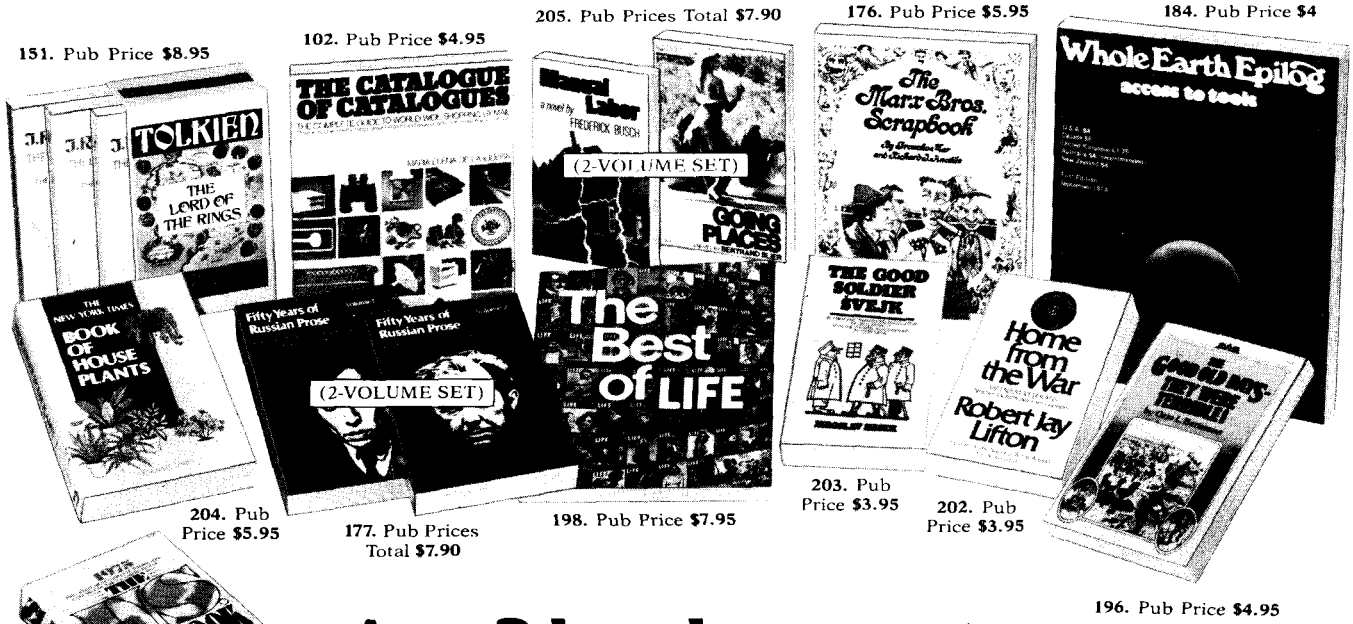


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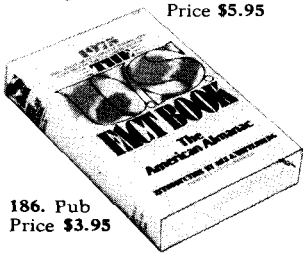


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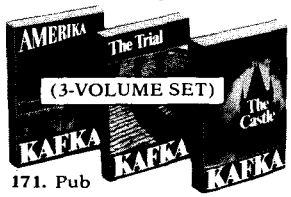


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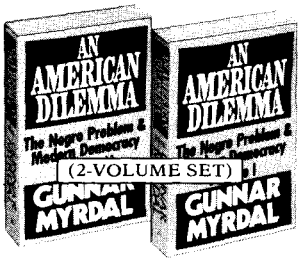


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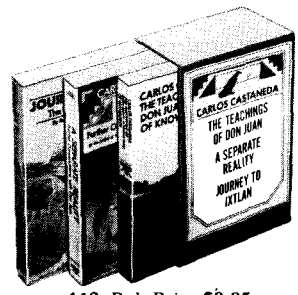


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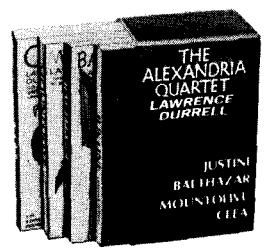


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# Let the Children Come

Efforts to bring Vietnamese orphans and homeless children to the United States have run into severe opposition from child psychologists and cultural anthropologists.

These experts contend that the rescue operations are being carried out by well-intentioned but misguided people who have very little knowledge of what is involved in plucking children out of a highly developed culture and setting them down in a totally different society. Children, it is argued, are not for transplanting; they do not adjust automatically to strange faces, words, foods, customs. The result is cultural shock, the effects of which, according to the experts, can produce long-lasting mental dislocations.

How valid is this analysis?

Some years ago, the editors of the *Saturday Review* developed a plan for bringing to the United States a group of disfigured girls who were casualties of the atomic bombing of Hiroshima. Under the plan, the girls would have the services of leading American plastic and rehabilitative surgeons. While not in the hospital they would live with American families. Since most of them would require a half-dozen or more operations, their stay in this country would last at least a year. The Society of Friends in America accepted responsibility for placing the girls in American homes and for providing vocational training if desired. The U. S. Air Force agreed to provide transportation.

No sooner did we announce these plans than formidable opposition developed. Specialists in cultural anthropology and psychology made public statements severely criticizing the entire project. They said it was irresponsible to lift children out of a far-off land with highly defined traditions and expect them to adjust to an entirely different way of life. It was predicted that the project would collapse within two weeks after the girls arrived because they would be unable to sustain the cultural shock.

It was said, moreover, that if any of the girls should die during, or as the result of, the complicated surgical operations, Japanese-American relations would be badly strained. The experts urged President Eisenhower to oppose the project or, at least, not to sanction the use of the U.S. Air Force for the program.

President Eisenhower accorded us the courtesy of letting us explain the project to him personally. I informed the President of the needs of the girls and described the credentials of the surgeons and physicians who were volunteering their services. I spoke of the support of the Society of American Friends and of the American Red Cross. I told him of the long-term role of the *Saturday Review* in carrying out rehabilitation programs in Hiroshima and, in particular, of our "Moral Adoption Program," in which readers of the magazine agreed to help in the upbringing of Hiroshima children who had been orphaned by the bombing. Finally, I told the President we were fully cognizant of the risks involved in plastic and rehabilitative surgery, as were the Hiroshima Maidens and their Japanese families. Nor were we minimizing the problems they would have in adapting to American society. But the Quakers were experienced in dealing with such situations. We felt confident that the problems, while difficult, were manageable.

The President gave us his full backing, and the disfigured and crippled girls from Hiroshima were brought to the United States. During the full period of their stay in this country, there was not a single case of homesickness or cultural shock. The experts turned out to be completely wrong. All their academic training hadn't taught them the one lesson that should both precede and transcend specialized knowledge: love and warmth can negate cultural shock. The experience of the Hiroshima girls in living with their American families enabled them to bridge gaps between the two societies.

One American anthropologist of worldwide reputation had confidently asserted that just the change to an American diet would confront us with the need to fly the girls back to Hiroshima within a month. As month after month passed without a solitary instance to support his gloomy prediction, one might have expected the anthropologist to have acknowledged his error. Not so.

This is not to say that the Hiroshima Maidens undertaking was without failure or anguish. One of the girls died while under anesthesia. I was at the hospital at the time. My first thoughts were of her parents. What do we say to them? They had entrusted their child to our care. I knew that for the rest of my life I would be haunted by the memory of the doctors working over Tomoko in the resuscitator, trying to start up her heart before the supply of oxygen in the brain ran out. My mind turned to the other girls. Six of them were scheduled for surgery during the next three days. They could not be blamed if they decided to hold back or even to ask that they be returned to Hiroshima. I thought, too, of the predictions of the experts that a single tragedy could become an international incident and that Japanese-Ameri-



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*The "Hiroshima Maidens" at a reunion fifteen years after their visit to the United States for plastic and rehabilitative surgery. The youngsters in the photograph are the children of the young ladies who participated in* SR's *program.*

can relations might be adversely affected.

I was not prepared for what was to happen. Within a few hours after I had sent the wire to Tomoko's parents, I received a cable from them consoling me. It was simply but exquisitely worded and completely absolved the doctors of any blame. It expressed full confidence in the continuation of the project. The Hiroshima girls were no less eloquent in reassuring all of us who felt a sense of responsibility for the tragedy. The morning after Tomoko's death, the girls who were scheduled for surgery begged Dr. Arthur Barsky, Dr. Bernard Simon, and Dr. Sidney Kahn not to change their minds about going ahead with the operations.

The Japanese press was equally generous in its understanding. There was an outpouring of sympathy for the Americans. Not a single editorial comment on the tragedy, out of the many hundreds of news clippings we saw, indicated any negative effect on relations between the two countries. The dominant theme was that the American doctors had done their best.

IN COMING TO the United States, the Vietnamese orphans are not being transferred to cold and impersonal institutions; they are becoming members of families. To be sure, they will encounter much that is strange, but they will also discover that regeneration and adaptation are among the most powerful forces in life. Their potentialities for creative growth will be nourished in the atmosphere of complete caring and acceptance. Both the children and their new American families will be astonished at the ease with which it is possible to communicate across the vaunted barriers of language differences.

Not all the arguments, of course, against bringing the Vietnamese orphans to the United States are based on anthropological or sociological grounds. Much weight is being given to political considerations. It is being asserted that the children are being exploited for propagandist purposes, and that the historic sense of American sympathy for war victims, especially children, is being stirred up as a means of getting the United States involved in Vietnam all over again.

We recognize that some people in government are not unmindful of the mileage that mercy has to offer. But it is absurd to set aside the dictates of conscience just because we are afraid of being politically manipulated.

There is also the argument that Vietnam does not have a monopoly of orphans in the world, and that millions of children in the Sahara, in India, in Bangladesh, and in South America will more than satisfy the craving of Americans to provide tender loving care. To the extent that this argument has validity, it should not cause Americans to turn away from Vietnamese children but should cause them to be equally open wherever human need exists.

Expertise always has its limitations, but never more so than when it tries to diagram human response or find reasons for curtailing compassion. N.C.



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# Letters From Readers

**Redefining Constitutional Rights**

It is sophistry gone mad to pretend that anything in the U.S. Constitution or any of its amendments was meant to protect criminals against detection, by whatever means ("Outlook: The Rise of Police Logic," April 5).

The obvious intention of the "Bill of Rights" amendments is to protect the honest citizen against government arrogance—and the arrogance against which he most needs protection right now is the arrogance of the Supreme Court. . . .

Robinson, Gustafson, and Calandra were criminals. Why should it matter that their crimes were discovered accidentally? Does anyone believe that the framers of the Constitution meant it to be a shelter for criminals whose exact crimes were unknown?

The Court's decision on those cases, however, unjustified by any constitutional provision, at least represents a step toward returning to sanity. . . .

Milton H. Anderson
New York, N.Y.

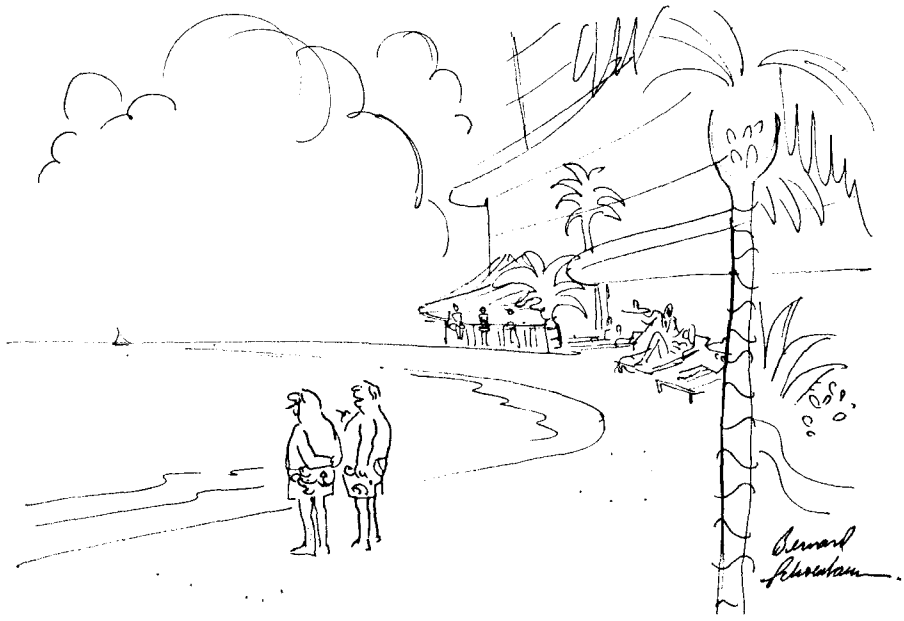
**Balancing the Power of the CIA**

Tom Braden's article on the CIA ("What's Wrong With the CIA?" April 5) overlooks two important considerations old intelligence hands would consider necessary in arriving at conclusions about the future of the CIA.

OSS, the CIA's predecessor, was established partly because of the failure of traditional intelligence agencies to correlate information collected by Military Intelligence, ONI, the FBI, the State Department, and other sources that together would have given timely warning of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. Analysis of this factor and others led President Roosevelt to believe that traditional rivalry and friction among military and civilian agencies, as well as the inflexible structure and prerogatives of rank, both military and civilian, would seriously hinder, if not actually prevent, the aggressive intelligence operation believed necessary during World War II. The need for a broad overview of intelligence may be equally important today although the CIA is not necessarily the proper agency for this responsibility.

Secondly, intelligence has traditionally been informational. Having an operational function is inconsistent with information-gathering and has long been contrary to both military and civilian thinking on the subject. Nowhere is this point more graphically illustrated than in the structure of conventional military staffs, where the intelligence function does not even have the same rank or status as the operational. Having the intelligence-gathering function in a sense subordinated and responsible to the ultimate user, with the operational side handled separately, strikes me as infinitely preferable to having the entire business subject to the oversight of Congress, whose understanding of the problem is minimal at best and whose motives and interest in it are frequently suspect of being primarily political.

Murray Sargent
Westport, Conn.



*"When things get hectic in the city, it's nice to get back to basics."*

**Military-Industrial Complex a Myth?**

Richard L. Tobin's review of Seymour Melman's *The Permanent War Economy: American Capitalism in Decline* (*New Books,* March 8) was insufficiently discriminating and uncritically credulous of many of Melman's opinions. The "author's tendency to oversimplify" is the least of his failings; his distortion and bias are far more serious offenses. . . .

It is simply untrue to say that expenditures and production in the area of defense constitute anything more than a very small part of our total economic activity. Well over 95 percent of the total goods and services in the United States are for entirely peaceful purposes unrelated to war or the preparation for war. Moreover, only a tiny sector of business, whether big business or small business, is devoted exclusively to the manufacture of weapons or parts of weapons, and most of those companies that do have defense as part of their industrial "mix" are engaged far more deeply in peace-oriented, rather than war-oriented, production. In looking at the large figure for federal budget expenditure toward defense, some people forget that more than half that expenditure is for pay and upkeep, the uniforms and the bases, which relate to military personnel rather than to the weapons they use, whose expenditures are a fraction of the total.

In reviewing a book such as Melman's, the critic must bear in mind the author's basic premises. . . . This thesis is that our economy and politics are under the sway of monopoly capitalism, which in turn is depicted as being incorrigibly imperialistic and "reactionary." Moreover, according to the thesis, this system breeds war as readily as an unwashed dog breeds fleas. . . .

Permit a final word toward rebutting Melman on alleged venality in the halls of Congress. . . . It is Melman's belief that Pentagon influence is strong in the Legislative Branch. But investigation of the matter proves the opposite: senators and congressmen from "defense-rich" constituencies have voting records that could best be described as "dovish," not "hawkish. . . ."

Albert L. Weeks
New York, N.Y.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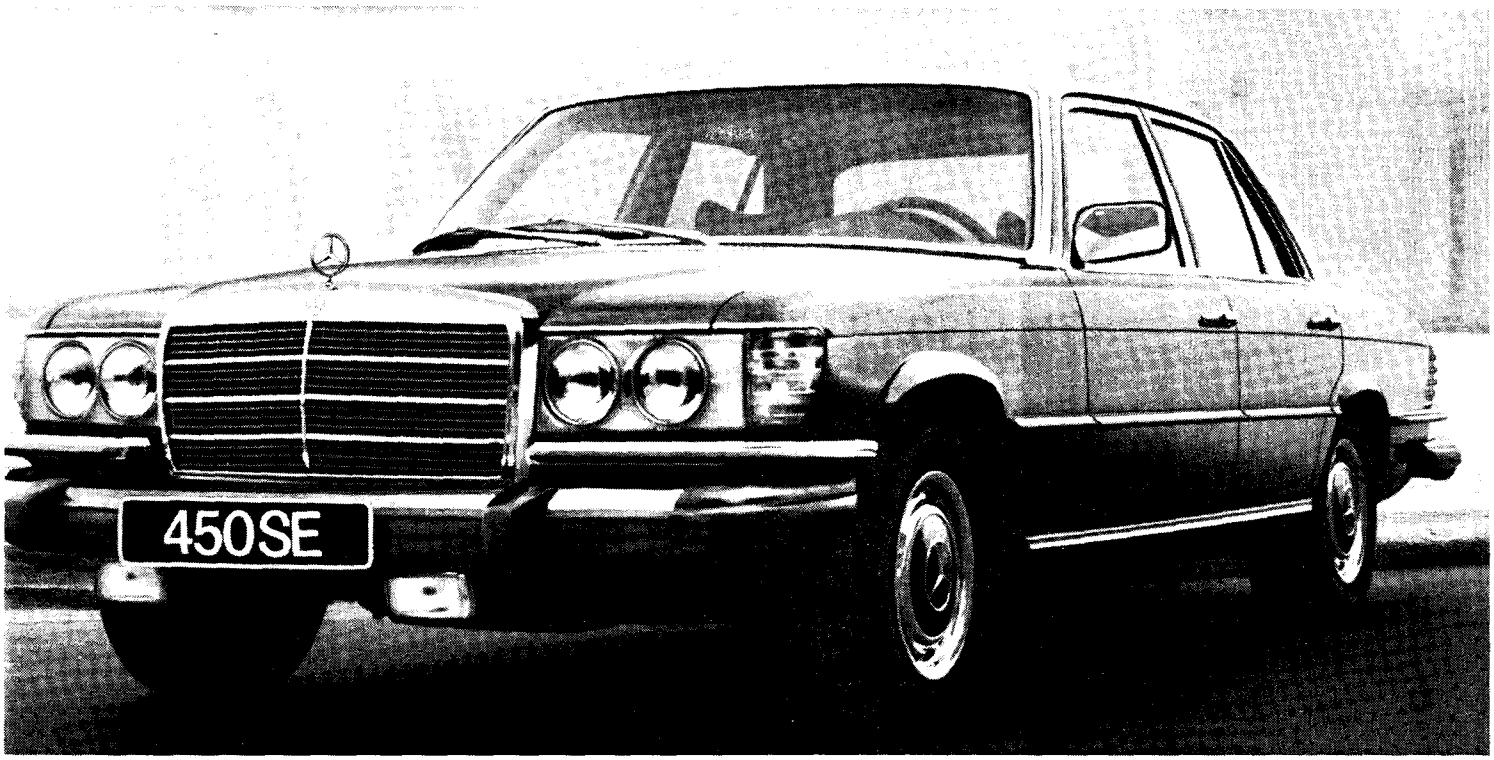


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**The Mercedes-Benz 450SE is a pure combination of advanced automotive technology, enlightened engineering, safety and craftsmanship.**

**And though a host of "brand-new" automobiles have been introduced in the past several months, the world has never seen a production sedan like it.**

On the *outside*, the 450SE Sedan is not as big as a full-sized American luxury automobile. The only thing big about this Mercedes-Benz sedan is the room *inside*. The 450SE is a five-passenger sedan with more than seventeen cubic feet of trunk space.

Many engineers agree that this is the shape and size of the automobile of the future. For some domestic manufacturers, the future has to wait until at least 1978. For Mercedes-Benz it's here now.

### Aircraft construction

The Mercedes-Benz 450SE has no separate body or chassis structure. Its panels are fused into a unit with over 6,000 individual electric welds. This basic method of construction allows modern jet aircraft to have enormous strength and light weight.

### The awards winner

*The 1975 Motor Trend Magazine Golden Wheels Awards have just been announced.*

**Outstanding Achievement in Engineering**

*Winner: The 450SE.*

*Areas evaluated: The ride/handling relationship; performance, e.g. expressway entry, passing, hill climbing and stopping; passenger capacity and comfort; ease of entry and exit and accommodations; total engineering concept and quality of execution.*

**Outstanding Achievement in Safety**

*Winner: The 450SE.*

*Areas evaluated: Avoidance capability; braking response; visibility; innovation; occupant protection.*

### Safety first

The structure of the 450SE is the latest of Mercedes-Benz developments of the patented rigid passenger cell/deformable extremity construction. Both the front and rear extremities absorb force in the event of an impact, to help the passenger cell remain intact.

The 450SE's gas tank is mounted over the rear suspension, well in from the rear bumper, and surrounded by steel bulkheads. What's more, the gasoline filler neck has been designed to pinch itself closed in the event of impact.

Unlike *all* domestic sedans which continue to have the same basic wagon-type rear axle they have had for decades, the suspension of a 450SE is fully independent. This system is completely different and allows the standard steel-belted radial tires to stay mated to the road where they belong.

Mercedes-Benz goes to great expense and effort to initiate new suspension developments. They can spell the difference between accident and incident.

### Lasting value

One final thought. Today, when more than ever before, everyone is searching for lasting value, a Mercedes-Benz 450SE has much to offer you. Mercedes-Benz has the best resale value of any make of car sold in America. *Any* one. And the 450SE is pure Mercedes-Benz.

A unique driving experience awaits you at your Mercedes-Benz Dealer's. Call him today. Test drive the 450SE.

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# World Progress Report

### Top Secret

Ever since the birth of modern science, it has been a strongly defended intellectual principle that inquiry should lead wherever it will, that no experimental path is off limits in the search for truth. But now that the search has been armed with biological techniques which give the scientists powers usually reserved for the Creator, some of the scientists themselves are having second thoughts. A recent California conference sponsored by the National Academy of Sciences, for example, has adopted unprecedented regulations for limiting experimentation in the especially promising—and especially dangerous—field of genetic engineering.

The rules were inspired by the biologists' newfound ability to transfer DNA, the molecule that carries the genetic blueprint for each organism, from complex animal and viral cells into simpler, fast-multiplying bacteria. By affording scientists the opportunity to study significant genes in a simplified, new context, this technique promises great benefits to mankind. For example, it may be possible to alter bacteria so that they produce plentiful supplies of insulin for diabetics or to transfer the nitrogen-fixing ability of certain soil organisms to cereal crops, thus enabling them to manufacture their own fertilizer.

By the same token, however, many scientists fear that by mischance or by mischief the new techniques may be turned to less benign ends. They point out that the bacterium usually used in experimental work is the common *Escherichia coli*, which is normally at home in the human intestine. The release of a virulent, man-made strain of *E. coli*, which is resistant to all known drugs, would be an unprecedented worldwide disaster.

The new regulations establish security standards for laboratories engaged in genetic-engineering research and mandate the use of less ubiquitous bacteria that will not survive outside of the experimental environment. The regulations also caution against work with fatal viruses. Although responsible critics within the scientific community protest that the guidelines are unenforceable, the science advisory committee of the National Institutes of Health—the main federal source of funding of genetic research—has recommended that no future grants be made without assurances that the National Academy of Sciences regulations will be followed.

*"She wants to know if she could feed her husband chicken soup intravenously."*

### Population Explosion

When last counted in this column almost two years ago, the aboriginal Tasaday tribe—which is hidden in the Philippine rain forest and has no known enemies, no weapons of war, and no words referring to hate or even dislike—numbered only 28. Under the protection of the Philippine government and the Panamin Foundation, the Tasaday were left on a 50,000-acre preserve in Stone Age seclusion, secure from the benefits of civilization. In this instance, at least, benign neglect seems to work: last December, reports the Panamin Foundation, the birth of a Tasaday boy swelled the tribe's population to 29.

### Open Door Policy

In a landmark decision promising to have significant implications for suburban communities throughout the United States, the New Jersey Supreme Court last March struck down local zoning ordinances that have the effect of shutting out low- and moderate-income homeowners. Such local laws, including those that require large minimum lot sizes or expensive construction methods, said one of the justices, tend to "advance the interests of the municipality at the expense of the surrounding region and to establish and perpetuate social and economic segregation."

Deciding a case concerning Mount Laurel Township, the court insisted that proper zoning must "make realistically possible an appropriate variety in choice of housing." The court went beyond forbidding a zoning law to "foreclose the opportunity . . . for low- and moderate-income housing," to insist that positive steps be taken to assure a varied housing mix. Said the decision, "regulations must affirmatively afford that opportunity, at least to the extent of the municipality's fair share of the present and prospective regional need."

Basing its decision on state constitutional guarantees of equal protection and due process, the court specifically extended the reach of its decision beyond Mount Laurel to the entire state of New Jersey. And according to the Suburban Land Institute, a militant public-interest group fighting for open housing, the New Jersey decision will provide ammunition for court challenges to restrictive zoning in other states.

ANTHONY WOLFF



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# Diversions

by Leo Rosten

## O, Winged Words! or Why not Be Your Own Bard?

Please read this couplet with care:

Under a lamp the nude is vain.
Broccoli is often blind.

And scan a second scrumptious verselet:

Life reached evilly through empty faces.
Space flowed slowly o'er idle bodies.

These lyrical *pensées* are not the work of a great new bard. The couplets come from (of all things) a digital computer. They were recorded for posterity by Mr. Wilbur Cross, years ago.

The electronic-circuit kids have long since advanced to the point where they can program their mechanical genies to play Parcheesi or compose music and even create paintings. (Numbers denote shape, color, position.)

The method for producing poems is quite simple, once you take the time to think of it. The computer programmers simply feed a basic vocabulary into the memory bank of their robot, making sure there is an ample assortment of parts of speech (verbs, articles, nouns, adjectives, prepositions, adverbs). Some words are "ranked" as possible openers of a sentence.

The operator of the computer, asked to produce poesy, structures the syntax of a sentence by the sequence in which words are (or are *not*) sucked out of the inventory. And so it is that digital computers can now replace Gertrude Stein, whose pigeons must by now be dead on the grass, alas, my lass. *"O epea pteroenta!"*—which any Classics major can tell you means, "O, winged words!"

I was so carried away by visions of odes-via-randomization that I decided to conduct an experiment of my own. I wrote 100 winged words on 100 pretty slips of paper (I made sure that about 20 percent of the words rhymed) and then distributed the slips among 12 separate envelopes—marked, respectively:

Openers (Prepositions, Adjectives, Adverbs)
Articles
Adjectives
Nouns
Adverbs
Verbs
Adjectives
Nouns
Conjunctions
Articles
Verbs
Nouns

Heart beating faster, I reached into the envelopes, in the same sequence as I have listed the categories above, and picked one slip out of each envelope. When I had extracted 20 words, arranged in four lines—my heart broke the sound barrier. For what lay before me was this dithyramb:

On bright pumpernickel gravely twinkle
Sweet daffodils and a stately pickle,
Where shrill brassieres shyly hide
Broken dreams inside insides.

I am sending this quatrain to the Pulitzer Prize jury.

I now made a second venture into verse-via-computer—this time adding a few Verbs to my Openers. To my dismay (or delight), the slips I pulled out combined themselves with ease to form this pregnant Thought For Our Times:

Stuff the jewelled radish
Down Power's creaking throat,
For madmen button the yoghurt
On which Life's adenoids gloat.

Well, the odds are against it, I suppose.

Do you want to scale Parnassus, too? It's quite easy. Just follow the rules I've given you. Choose glowing, gleaming words. Don't worry about gibberish, nonsequiturs, or oxymorons.

I don't care whether moon shots are *kaput*, as many say, and will not be resumed until 2035. It's worth waiting that long to gain a lunar provenance for something as throat-grabbing as this, my latest madrigal:

Swish green albino dust
Through atavars unborn
And circumcise the circumscribed
Circumstance: Juno stabbed the rooster.

Finally, if you think I am poking fun at either electronic devices or the New, Liberated Poesy, please believe me when I say: I certainly am. □

*"Memo to all salesmen: damn the recession—full speed ahead!"*



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# Saving Haiti

by Alan Riding

*Port-au-Prince, Haiti*

Almost as soon as President François "Papa Doc" Duvalier was buried in April 1971, the multinational assistance experts came galloping in to save Haiti. In fact, even before it was clear whether the tyrant's young son and successor, Jean-Claude Duvalier, also deserved to be ostracized, the decision had been taken to resume massive economic aid to this poorest of Western Hemisphere countries.

Now, more than four years later, with millions of dollars pouring into this tiny, French-speaking republic from international organizations and foreign governments, the questions arise: what *has* this aid achieved, and what *can* it achieve? In fact, can unlimited foreign assistance rescue a country as fundamentally backward as Haiti, or does it merely feed corruption and make change even less likely? Certainly, over the past 25 years, foreign aid has not lifted a single country out of underdevelopment. And in Haiti's case social conditions deteriorated *before* Papa Doc (when aid was available), *under* Papa Doc (when most aid was suspended), and since Papa Doc (when aid was resumed). Is the only justification for aid, therefore, the argument that "things would be worse" without it?

President Kennedy suspended aid to Haiti in 1963 because the money was going into pockets rather than projects and because Congress objected to propping up a dictator who was less than respectful of human life. Washington easily persuaded the Inter-American Development Bank and the World Bank to follow suit, and French and other foreign-aid programs also petered out. By the mid-Sixties, in fact, only the United Nations was continuing technical assistance to Haiti. The U. S. Agency for International Development (AID) closed down its office in Port-au-Prince but maintained a $1.2 million annual grant for disease control and malaria eradication on the grounds that it was for purely humanitarian and apolitical purposes. For the same reasons, in 1966, when Northwest Haiti was threatened with famine, the U. S. CARE Organization began emergency food distribution and has continued giving out 1.8 million dollars' worth of "food-for-peace" annually since then.

Essentially, though, as Duvalierist propaganda would put it, the poor black republic of Haiti was forgotten by the world. Tourism slumped, and new foreign investment disappeared. Economic activity in the capital notably diminished, and the Duvalier family had to take its cut from the salaries of civil servants rather than from foreign aid.

But for the 85 percent of Haiti's 5 million inhabitants who live in the countryside, life continued very much as before, dependent more on the weather than on decisions in Washington or Port-au-Prince. Some years were bad and others not so bad; yet land erosion and social decay continued to follow the pattern that began when the French were forced off their rich Caribbean colony in 1804. Even politics did not affect the poor directly. Papa Doc's much-feared *Tontons Macoutes* thugs concentrated their terror on the middle classes, which might conceivably have threatened the regime, while the poor accepted dictatorship and poverty because they had known nothing else.

About two years before Papa Doc's death, when the old man's health was failing and his malice mellowing, tourists and even foreign investors in small labor-intensive factories began trickling back to Haiti. But because the tourist and export industries put money into the economy without increasing domestic output, inflation soon appeared. The urban poor found food prices rising in the markets, while the rural poor felt pressured to sell, rather than eat, their agricultural products. For example, the mango on the tree behind the hut suddenly acquired a marketable value, and the peasant sank into the deeper poverty of the money economy.

This process accelerated after Papa Doc's death. His son, Jean-Claude, now all of 23 years old, assumed the Presidency-for-Life and announced that "my father brought the political revolution, and I will bring the economic." In practice, the new policy has meant a marked easing of political repression—people are now jailed instead of shot, exiled instead of jailed—and an almost anarchic and corrupt encouragement of business.

For example over 200 small "in-bond" factories now employ about 20,-

*"We regret to inform you that your manuscript was inadvertently run through the paper shredder."*

*Alan Riding, who lives in Mexico City, is a specialist in Latin American affairs.*



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000 young women, who for $1.30 a day stitch brassieres or solder computer parts. The assembled products are then re-exported to the United States or Canada. But while these factories benefit from not only cheap labor but also extended tax holidays, their final input to the Haitian economy consists of some wages but no products.

Similarly, tourism provides foreign exchange and some jobs, but no products to soak up demand and ease inflationary pressures. The official tourist statistics are also deceptive because, while 250,000 or so foreigners visited Haiti in 1974, 65 percent of them did so from cruise ships and spent little while they were ashore; the remaining 35 percent stayed in Port-au-Prince or Cap-Haïtien, but they were brought and accommodated by foreign airlines and hotels.

Even during Papa Doc's years, one of Haiti's principal exports was people. Some were, of course, genuine political fugitives, but most were economic exiles. For example, many wealthy Haitians would follow their money abroad, while the sons of the affluent would seek their higher education in the United States and then stay on there to work. Even many young graduates of Haiti's universities and medical schools "brain-drained" themselves to the United States for better-paying jobs.

AMONG THE POOR, however, the ambition to leave the country is even more marked. And since they cannot afford a passport or hope for a visa to enter the United States, they emigrate to the neighboring Dominican Republic, which shares the island of Hispaniola with Haiti, or head for some of the outlying islands of the Bahamas by boat. Not infrequently, they are shipwrecked, although many thousands have made it and have created a problem for the Bahamas government.

Over the years, then, these hardworking economic exiles have become one of Haiti's principal sources of foreign exchange, sending home approximately $25 million per year and helping educate and feed many people who might otherwise be desperate. But once again, this is money entering the economy accompanied by neither work nor products and is therefore fuel for inflation.

In 1971, with the economy growing at about 3 percent a year and political repression much reduced, the multinational machinery of foreign aid concluded that Haiti could still be saved. The U. S. AID reopened its offices in Port-au-Prince; France sought to woo Haiti back to its francophone community through economic aid and cultural offerings; West Germany, Canada, and even Taiwan launched development projects; the World Bank and the Inter-American Development Bank made credit-feasibility studies; and the Organization of American States (OAS) sent experts to teach Haiti how to prepare requests for multilateral assistance.

Aid is now beginning to flow on a large scale. The World Bank recently made a $10 million loan to rehabilitate the road north to Cap-Haïtien, and the Inter-American Development Bank lent $22.2 million to redo the highway southwest to Les Cayes. AID also approved a loan of $3 million and an annual $500,000 grant to enable Haiti to maintain these roads once they are operational. France agreed to improve the road south to Jacmel and modernize the country's airports in order to stimulate tourism and strengthen the fragile infrastructure. Other projects are also being planned: fighting land erosion, increasing coffee production, stimulating community development, reducing the birthrate, bringing in the Peace Corps, and so on.

But what can this aid achieve? Much depends on the motive behind it. Aid as a political instrument—the case with the United States and France—seeks some response from the receiving nation. This may take the shape of votes at the United Nations or the OAS or simply a guarantee of political stability and friendship toward foreign investors. Whatever the objective, though, it is rarely the country's development. Charity is another promoter of aid, and there are innumerable religious groups working in difficult conditions in the Haitian countryside. Yet, almost by definition, charity is "better than nothing,"—but it does not develop. In fact, probably only the United Nations, with its limited resources and greater frugality, is trying to develop Haiti by making Haitians develop themselves. But even its projects face enormous bureaucratic difficulties.

*(Continued on page 57.)*


# Bicentennial Photo Contest Focuses on America

## *Saturday Review* announces its twenty-first Annual Travel Photo Contest

In celebration of America's Bicentennial, *Saturday Review* in its 1976 Travel Photo Contest will focus attention on America—its states, commonwealth, possessions, and trust territories. All photo entries *must* be taken within American territory as defined above.

U.S. citizens, citizens of other countries, foreign visitors, and visiting students are all eligible to compete.

Prizes will feature American destinations, carriers, and vacation areas. See later issues for prizes and complete details. Winning photos will be featured in the January 1976 issue of *Saturday Review*—its first issue in the Bicentennial year.




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# The Jazz Age: A Shadow on the Seventies

Bart Forbes



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# The "Roaring Twenties" saddled America with an array of social headaches that have by now grown monstrous and all but incurable.

by Robert Cowley

Why are we Americans so endlessly fascinated by the Jazz Age? Is it because—as the social historians tell us—the pre-Depression Twenties were the time of our last happy fling, before the complexities of modern times intruded on our innocence?

Perhaps so. But it's worth noting that those years were by no means all supercharged Duesenbergs, raccoon coats, Monkey Trials, and high times with the Fitzgeralds. Far from being one long movable feast, the Twenties was, in fact, a decade afflicted with many of the same social and environmental ills of our own time—urban sprawl, traffic jams, air and noise pollution, overcrowding, and crime. The difference was that these problems were still manageable then. But in failing to deal with them, the Jazz Age made ours that much worse.

Few periods have witnessed such vast and undirected upheavals, and few have had such a permanent influence on the quality of our lives. The effect of those upheavals was so shattering, ultimately, that I sometimes suspect that the Depression was much more than just an economic crisis. The changes wrought in the name of the New Era were as unsupportable as their promises were false because we lacked the precedents and the machinery to deal with them. We were too infatuated with the novelty of modern life. The consequences would be easier to dismiss if the process were not again duplicating itself: a society out of control, an environment endangered, and a financial system on the verge of collapse. It suddenly seems so familiar.

Today, as Alvin Toffler and other futurists remind us, we are being traumatized by the inhuman pace of technological change: computerization, automation, transistorization, satellite television, jet travel, moon landings. The list is as endless as it is discombobulating. But Future Shock is a feeling we've had before.

In the years leading up to the Depression, too, technology seemed to be running wild. What was so extraordinary about the Twenties was less the introduction of new inventions than the sudden mass-produced availability of ones already around—the car, the electric light, the telephone, the refrigerator, the flush toilet. The wireless radio, that onetime military tool and occasional gadget of amateur tinkerers, now made a singing group called the Cliquot Club Eskimos as familiar as President Coolidge. People gave up reading at night to listen to the radio, children's homework suffered because of it, and working families dipped into meager savings to buy one. Telephones speeded communications; they also hurried the pace of life. Tabloids—the New York *Daily News*, which appeared in the summer of 1919, was the first—sold by the millions and altered our impression of what was real news. In 1920, for all practical purposes, air travel did not exist in America—though in Europe a few passengers were venturing to make the two-and-a-half-hour Paris-London run in converted Farman Goliath bombers, nervously swallowing sandwiches, cookies, and whiskey. By 1930 several hundred thousand Americans were braving the leap, without even the comfort of hard liquor. Although these inventions did not physically change the environment, they helped to create the climate for environmental change. Mass culture, with all its benefits and all of its unfortunate homogenizing tendencies, had arrived, and from this point there would be no more escaping it.

One artifact of this new mass culture intruded on and engulfed our lives and our landscape as no other could—and started problems that are many times magnified today. There were fewer than 7 million cars registered in 1919; 10 years later, thanks to Henry Ford and his assembly-line techniques, there were 23 million, or one for every five persons in the United States. As private property, cars were often more valued than houses or land (and perhaps helped to create a lack of respect for them). People would mortgage their homes for a Model T. They even gave up their homes to live in their cars—in the West, gas gypsies migrated from one farm to another, much as Wobbly bindle stiffs had walked and ridden the rods a generation earlier. Wheels gave roots to the rootless. Contemplating the 1925 auto registration figure of 17.5 million, the *New Republic* wondered how soon the saturation point would be reached, especially when there were only 7 million heads of household with incomes over $2,000. Long before the Depression there was a good deal of truth in Will Rogers's remark that we were the first nation in history to go to the poorhouse in an automobile.

The car made Americans more mobile than they had ever been before. It accelerated the rate of migration within our borders. It brought the city into the country, via the suburbs. "The suburban migration is nothing short of pioneering," proclaimed one writer in a 1927 issue of *Survey* magazine. In the 1930 census Michigan passed Massachusetts in population, thus signaling a swing in the balance of power away from the East Coast. The reason was the automobile industry in Detroit. Regional differences and peculiarities, too, began to break down under the onslaught of the car—that had to be one of the most significant changes in American life which the Jazz Age brought about. New ser-

*Robert Cowley is a Boston editor who is writing a book on America between the two world wars.*



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Photographs: Culver

*Era of excess—"When Greenwich Village reached Middletown in a Marmon roadster."*

vices sprang up: the filling station, the roadside stand, the diner, the bootlegger's roadhouse, the tourist camp—they were the tentative beginning of strip development. The official closing of the frontier was only three decades behind us; land and fresh water still seemed unlimited, people were not everywhere underfoot, and wild places were rarely more than a morning's drive from town. But increasingly the roads to those secluded places, and the houses and businesses they brought with them, were intruding on and preempting and disfiguring that pastoral landscape. Billboards marred vistas that city dwellers had driven a hundred miles to see. In a single decade the automobile altered the American environment more dramatically—and more ruinously—than any war fought on this continent.

There were other, less pleasurable, side effects. Cities that had been designed for the horse were not prepared for the horseless carriage. (In the 1890s, when Ignatius Donnelly, the agrarian reformer and popularizer of *Atlantis*, wrote a futuristic novel, he could imagine flying machines but not cars.) "Municipal society," the journalist Edmond Taylor has written of the Twenties, "was unable to restrain the capacity of twentieth-century technology to clog the streets with quantities of automobiles which they had not been built to accommodate." After talking to a Boston city planner in 1930, Lincoln Steffens (sounding a bit like Robert Moses) remarked that "they don't any of them know what to do about our congested cities and the traffic. The only solutions require bitterness, rebuilding, and some disregard of private properties." Americans came to remember the Fourth of July not for its fireworks and parades and ceremonial backlot softball games in which children, girl friends, and grandfathers joined, but for its traffic jams. The automobile helped to spread insect pests, such as the boll weevil and the Japanese beetle. Cars killed several thousand people each year and became, as Daniel P. Moynihan has taught us, a major public-health problem. Gangsters took their victims "for a ride." The car even provided us with a handy new form of suicide, death by carbon-monoxide poisoning.

I should mention here another problem, chokingly familiar now and perhaps already related to the automobile then: air pollution. To be sure, steel towns like Pittsburgh and Gary had long been renowned for their bad air, but cities like New York were also beginning to suffer from the same noxious affliction. At the beginning of 1931, the U.S. Public Health Service issued a study on the subject, which found that "the contamination of the atmosphere by smoke from the chimneys of private houses, office buildings, industrial plants, steam engines, tugs and steamships has become a serious matter in several of the larger cities of the United States." It estimated that smoke cut off about one-fifth of the natural light of New York. At about the same time, the meteorologist in Central Park, a Dr. Morris, told a *New Yorker* reporter that an average of four tons of smoke particles, dust, and other impure substances —the "other" could have been more significant than he thought—were suspended each month in every cubic mile of air above New York City; the pollution was most severe between street level and the thirty-fourth floor of skyscrapers. It had retarded vegetation in the Bronx Botanical Gardens. Dr. Morris spoke of the high sulfuric acid content of the tainted atmosphere (the word *smog* had not yet been coined), which he attributed to the mass burning of soft coal. Strangely, neither Dr. Morris nor the Public Health Service thought of implicating the automobile. But consider this statistic: Americans burned over 2.5 billion gallons of gasoline in 1919. By 1930 consumption had risen to almost 16 billion gallons. Just how much fossil-fuel exhaust did those millions of cars pour into the air? Nobody bothered to estimate, but the amount must have been prodigious.

To make matters worse for our air and our open spaces, the automobile had driven the railroad into a permanent decline. Who was the unconscious parodist who had the brainstorm of turning a railroad car into a roadside diner? But no event was quite so freighted with symbolism as the decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission, in the summer of 1931, to allow the Delaware and Hudson Railroad to discontinue 10 miles of rundown track in Pennsylvania known as the Honesdale Branch. Sentimentalists pointed to the fact that the Honesdale Branch, which had operated since 1824, was the first railroad line in America. To the average motorist, however, that was wasted nostalgia. As the Jazz Age reached the end of its hectic journey, his main worry was finding a place to park.

It hasn't gotten any easier.

TOO MANY CARS. Too many drivers headed for the city. Too many cities, with their crime and drugs and broken families, their smog and noise and mass hysteria, their building up and tearing down. The scenario repeats itself. . .

No social or environmental change in the Twenties could quite match urban growth—and none were we less prepared to handle. The war ("how are you goin' to keep 'em down on the farm after they've seen Paree?"), the hope of better wages, the promise of glamour


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# How did Dodge Colt put so much in such a little car?

Thrifty four-cylinder engine. 30 mpg*

Tinted glass

Reclining bucket seats

Carpeting

Sorry, you'll have to provide your own driver.

Four-speed transmission (five-speed in the GT)

Locking gas cap

Bumper guards — front and rear

Adjustable steering column

Front disc brakes

Flow-through ventilation

Introducing the '75 Dodge Colt Carousel hardtop. It comes with all the good things listed here, as do all the other Colt models: 2-door coupe, 4-door sedan, 4-door wagon and the Colt GT.

**Prices start at $2,945.****

*Based on EPA test results for 1975 Dodge Colt 1600 cc engine. 30 mpg highway cycle and 20 mpg city cycle

**Manufacturer's suggested retail price for a '75 Dodge Colt coupe. Not included are state and local taxes, destination charge, license and title fees, and Dealer preparation charge, if any.

NO.1 FOR THE MONEY IS DODGE

CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

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*Gala for Lindbergh—Public celebrations turned into "orgies of the alienated."*

and sophistication held out by the movies and the mass magazines, and the prospect of escaping the suffocation of small-town and rural life lured Americans to the city in one of the great migrations of our history. The population balance had just tipped from country to city in 1920. That year there were 68 towns with a population of more than 100,000; in 1930 there were 93. Southern blacks and poor whites headed for the big cities of the Great Lakes (Detroit grew by 58 percent in those 10 years), Iowans sold their farms and moved to Southern California (Los Angeles grew by 111 percent), and young men and women who sought to make their careers in advertising, finance, fashion, or the arts went to New York (a 23 percent gain).

Blacks also came to New York, the black population of Manhattan growing by 115,500 during the Jazz Age. "To traverse Harlem on one of those summer nights," a *Nation* editorialist wrote in 1931, "is to raise the question whether the flood of colored humanity there visible will not submerge still other quarters of the metropolis." We know the answer now. By the end of the Twenties, we were confronting a new social phenomenon: the black city within a city that, by conscious exclusion, we were already turning into a nation within a nation.

In the sense of freedoms lost, of human scale sacrificed, and of horizons narrowed to a maze of filing cabinets or a window on an airshaft, other Americans were being turned into second-class citizens. Indeed, the more cities grew, the more they began to remake the whole fabric of our lives in the years following the Great War—and in the process that fabric often came apart at the seams. The extended family of the recent past, with its married children and grandparents and maiden aunts under a single roof, was one of the main casualties of urbanization. The grandparents went to old-age homes; the maiden aunts stayed behind in small-town rooming houses.

Women worked—and supported themselves—in greater numbers than ever before: by 1930 one out of every four persons in the labor force was female. But despite rising hemlines, bobbed hair, and the abandonment of the corset and Victorian repressions—despite the brave talk of Freud and Flaming Youth—the new freedom of women was not an unmixed blessing. Sexual discrimination was practiced openly in hiring, and the woman executive was unheard-of. The old sureties of family and child-rearing were sacrificed for the loneliness, the low wages, and the frantic tedium of the city. Millennia have a way of getting sidetracked. And, by the beginning of the Thirties, women were coming up against a problem they had never faced before: unemployment.

"Family life," lamented one observer in 1927, ". . . seems to be going by the board":

> Soaring of land values and pyramiding of rents pinch the city dweller into ever narrowing quarters. . . . The press for space takes away the front yard and then the back yard. It takes away pets and plants and penalizes him for having children, so he gives up the nursery. The parlor and the sitting room are combined. . . . The kitchen becomes a kitchenette and the dining room a dinette. . . .

Families did in fact get smaller, and by the end of the Twenties the birthrate had fallen off, a circumstance that was also true of Europe. Everyone read the short-term signs more or less correctly: quotas had caused a drastic drop in the number of immigrants, contraceptives were available in most drugstores, children in the city were no longer the economic asset they had been on the farm, and, in a period when the opportunity to own and consume, however illusory, presented itself for the first time to the American masses, a large family was a luxury worth trading for a Model T. Rising population may not have been a problem in the Twenties; but as few recognized then, the *concentration* of it was. In analyzing the results of the census of 1930, a writer for *Survey*, the magazine of social work, wondered whether cities were not beginning to show the effects of overcrowding. "But," he added —and by this time it was 1931—"it is best not to ask the question this year."

Buses and subways became more packed. Crime flourished—a symptom not only of the Eighteenth Amendment but also of urban disorganization, poverty, and population pressures. Edmund Wilson wrote that New Yorkers "coming home late at night in the upper East Eighties and Nineties are compelled to struggle with three Yale locks in order to get into apartments which they will subsequently find have been robbed." The year was 1927, not 1975. The funeral of a gangster or a movie star, a sensational murder trial, or a deathwatch for a man trapped in a cave turned into orgies of the alienated—and so, in a sense, did such innocent-seeming public celebrations as the receptions for Lindbergh, Queen Marie of Romania, and the Channel swimmer Gertrude Ederle, who collapsed after a day of breasting New York mobs.

Another conspicuous effect of crowd-


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ing in the cities was noise pollution—shades of our own time again. In 1929 the New York City Department of Health appointed a commission to study the problem and a year later issued a 308-page report. Though the result may have merely added another volume to the general cacophony, it did imply a great deal about the new pressures of urban survival. The commission warned that a "state of emergency" existed:

> . . . The continual pressure of strident sound to which New Yorkers are subjected tends to produce impairment of hearing, to induce harmful strain upon the nervous system leading to neurasthenic and psychasthenic states, to cause loss of efficiency of workers and thinkers, and finally to interfere so gravely with sound, refreshing sleep that rest is difficult and in some cases impossible.

The worst offenders were those distinctive creations of the Machine Age: trucks, automobile horns and brakes, elevated trains, radios, riveting, and airplanes. More traditional irritants, such as dogs and cats and restaurant dishwashing, were at the bottom of the list: the popular image of the Twenties, however, was somewhat vindicated by the relatively high score of loud parties.

Was the Depression just a little bit quieter?

As long as the Twenties lasted, though, no expense seemed too high for their promise. By day in New York and Chicago and Detroit the air resounded with the clamor of construction and destruction, the drilling, the explosions, the clanking of steel against steel, the roar of rubble cascading—familiarity made the ear oblivious. People became accustomed—or thought they did—to the almost ritual pattern of architectural impermanence, the restless tearing down and the speculative building up. In 1927, after a summer away from Greenwich Village, Wilson returned to find the Washington Square area completely transformed:

> Already last spring one was finding whole blocks of familiar shops, delicatessen stores and old saloons snatched away without warning under one, so that they seemed to be losing their shapes as well as their personalities. And now, in the short months of summer, there have been erected on lower Fifth Avenue two monstrous apartment houses. . . . They loom over the Village like mountains, and they have suddenly changed its proportions. . . .

He might as well have been speaking of the World Trade Center in New York or the Hancock building in Chicago.

This was the period that could produce a great builder-destroyer like Robert Moses—and who cared if one of his highways ripped through the heart of farms and estates, bringing the suburbs a little closer to the city. It would be decades before we learned to question our public benefactors. This was the phase of American architecture that saw businessmen erecting not office buildings, but monuments to match their own stature. They were the pharaohs of the New Era, raising temples on the foundation of pyramided securities. Some of those edifices—it is hard to think of a better word—still stand: the Van Sweringen Building in Cleveland, Samuel Insull's Chicago Civic Opera House, which opened right after the Crash as a gesture of confidence, and the Empire State Building in New York. As Lewis Mumford remarked, nothing could be sillier than the mooring mast for dirigibles that topped the Empire State. The directors persisted in constructing it even after the city had advised them that a moored dirigible would be a hazard and a nuisance: "a public comfort station for migratory birds," Mumford called their little conceit.

**"Have we once again suffered not just an economic collapse but a massive failure of nerve? Is that the real meaning of what is happening today?"**

"I should have realized, or realized more clearly than I did," Edmond Taylor has written of the days when he was a police reporter in St. Louis at the end of the Twenties, ". . . that American urban civilization was entering a particularly acute crisis of adaptation, one comparable in its effects, perhaps, to some of the worst horrors of the early Industrial Revolution." The signs were plain enough: the gang massacres, the indiscriminate deaths on the highways, the drifters dying of wood-alcohol poisoning in flophouses, the shopgirls, fresh from the country, swallowing a mouthful of domestic disinfectant over "a broken date, a minor quarrel with the only friend, a lost job, or the failure to meet the weekly installment on a fur coat or a portable phonograph." The predictable travails of city life may have accounted for many of these numberless, small tragedies, but was there something else at work? Did the Age of the Lonely Crowd arrive a little sooner than we thought?

That "crisis of adaptation" has changed in degree alone, and it takes little imagination to bring the picture up to date. The dislocations of too-rapid urbanization and mechanization in the Jazz Age cannot be measured, of course, and we can only guess at the extent to which they contributed to the general malaise of the next decade—and are contributing now. But there can be no better illustration of the effect of social and environmental forces on the economy than the agricultural depression that began in the early Twenties and did not really end until the Second World War.

Consider the pattern of boom, bust—and dust—that afflicted the Great Plains. For the wheat farmer the years during and immediately after the First World War had been an incredibly bountiful interlude. The climate was moist, and so it would remain until the inevitable dry cycle returned in 1930. The plains were ideally suited to the heavy gasoline-powered machinery then being introduced. Europe needed grain, and the government sustained an artificially high price. In 1919 more acres were planted and more wheat harvested than ever before. If there were already pockets of hard times, no one took the warning seriously. In the 10 million acres of once-lush Nebraska grassland known as the Sand Hills, for instance, intensive farming had exacted its toll. The ecologist Paul B. Sears remembered a scene that was a foretaste of the devastation to come: ". . . The wind is unceasing, and with the native cover broken by plowing and too-close grazing, the sand began to drift from great blowouts. I saw some of the last survivors in the spring of 1920, desperately hanging on, without income and with scarcely enough to eat."

Soon the agricultural disaster would become general. That same year the government withdrew its supports on wheat. The price plummeted. Farmers who had made huge investments in machinery, land, and livestock, who were burdened with high taxes and who had bought cars and washing machines and Victrolas when they might have been retiring old debts, were especially hard hit. So were the people, many without previous farming experience, who had tried to reap a quick wheat profit from marginal land that never should have been plowed up



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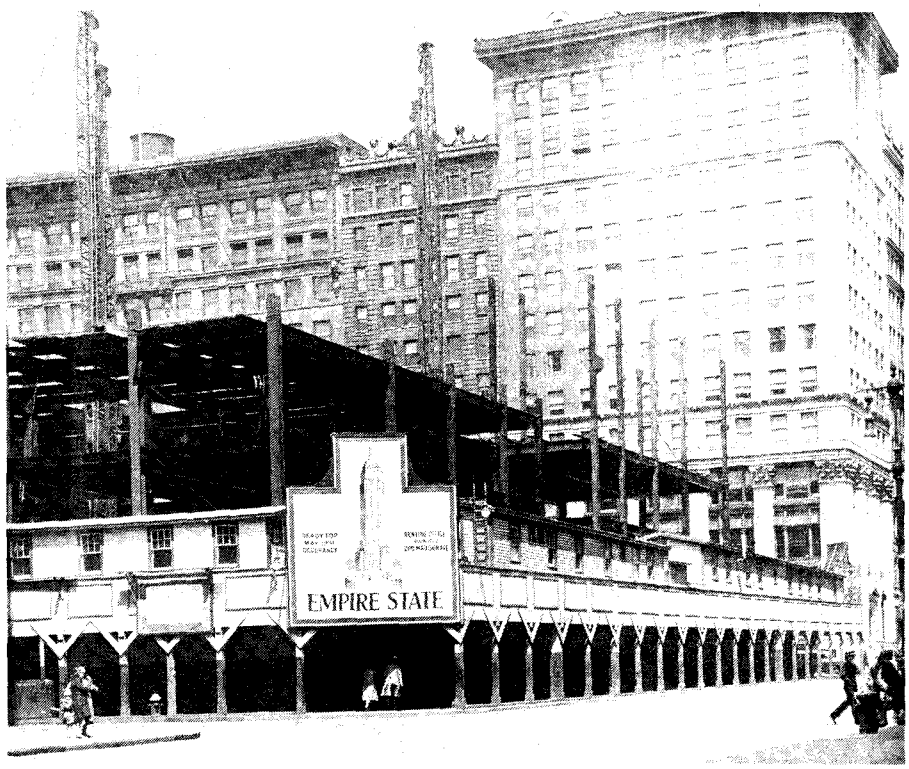


*The tallest of them all—Already a "ritual pattern of architectural impermanence."*

and would later deliver its gritty bit to the skies of the dust bowl. Among the varied types who left their mark on the ecology of the Montana plains in those years were, according to one survey, "two circus musicians, a paper hanger, a sailor, a seagoing engineer, two wrestlers, two barbers, a cigar maker, a racehorse man, a bricklayer, an undertaker, a deep-sea diver, six old maids, a milliner, and a professional gambler." Presumably they all went back to the towns where they belonged, but not before the damage had been done.

Only the absentee "suitcase" farmers —as they were derisively called—seemed to prosper, but at what further cost to the land? They were the speculative operators who gambled that there would be enough rainfall in a given year to make a crop: the high rollers on the stock market were their urban counterparts. All they needed were a few hundred acres, a shed full of machinery, and 10 days per year in which to plant and harvest. Overhead was minimal, and mass-production techniques overcame low prices. Everything was fine as long as the wet cycle lasted. "I recall a conversation, toward the end of this period," Sears wrote, "with a jubilant chamber-of-commerce official who had flown in from the West. 'Great stuff,' he said. 'I flew over hundreds of thousands of acres just plowed for wheat.' I remember asking him if this wouldn't be very serious when the dry years came and the soil started to blow. I remember, too, how he laughed that one off, indulgently." The worse the agricultural depression got, the more the land was cultivated. What the goat did to the Mediterranean lands in centuries, the tractor did to the plains in a single decade. And then, in the summer of 1930, the great drought caught up with the wheat growers as surely as the Crash caught up with the stock market plungers. Was it accident that the two events happened at roughly the same time?

Whether you raised wheat, hogs, corn, or cattle, the story was the same. Prices stayed down all through the Twenties, gross production stayed up, and meanwhile the tractors churned away inexorably. Farm incomes actually declined. People left mainly because they could no longer make a living from the land. The average annual income for a black sharecropper in rural Georgia was $400: until the Depression, he could reckon on making two or three times that much in the cities of the North. The effect was, in its way, as ecologically harmful as overfarming. Between 1910 and 1925, 25 million acres of southern farmland grew into brambles or scrub pine, or were allowed to erode. The farm exodus had a similar effect in New England and the Middle Atlantic states, where vast acreages were surrendered to what we now call woodland sprawl.

Then, just as the sharecroppers and the dispossessed homesteaders driven to the slums of St. Louis and Chicago were beginning to cope with one crisis of adaptation, to city life, they were faced with another and worse crisis, the Depression.

AND NOW THE PROCESS seems to be repeating itself. Last summer, in a period of deepening recession, a heat wave and then a drought ruined much of the crop yield in the Midwest. Once more farmers were praying for rain in Iowa churches. But at the same time the shelter belts of fir trees, planted in the mid-Thirties to help check the spread of the dust bowl, were being ripped out, to free more acreage for cultivation. When I flew over the Great Plains recently, I could hardly make out a spot of land that wasn't plowed for wheat.

"A social calamity," writes the economist-historian Karl Polanyi in *The Great Transformation*, "is primarily a cultural, not an economic, phenomenon. . . . The economic process may supply the vehicle of the destruction, but the immediate cause of man's undoing is not for that reason economic: it lies in the lethal injury to the institutions in which his social existence is embodied."

Polanyi was talking of the Industrial Revolution, but no matter. His words apply, as well, to the Twenties and the Seventies. The resemblance to the last depression is larger than we realize—and it is not merely economic. As indices of the total breakdown that depression represents, the unassimilated impact of new technologies, the uprooting of population, the deterioration of the environment, and the undermining of long-held cultural and social values may be just as significant, just as ominous. What we couldn't handle then, we can't seem to handle now.

Do societies have a relative limit of tolerance to change and strain? At what point does progress become more curse than ideal? Have we once again suffered not just an economic collapse but a massive failure of nerve? Is that the real meaning of what is happening today?

As I write this, I pick up a curious book by a Frenchman named Georges Duhamel. It is called, not inappropriately perhaps, *America: The Menace*, and though it was published here in the Depression year of 1931, it is about a trip through this country during the late Twenties. The author at one point rails against the ugliness, the parking problems, and the tainted air of Chicago. In the margin some past owner had penciled this notation: "I have no patience with anyone who fails to see the romance of modern life." □


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# Edmund Wilson: An American Original

## Grumpy and intractable, worldly yet naive, Wilson was perhaps America's most brilliant twentieth-century critic and man of letters.

by T. S. Matthews

It would be an exaggeration to say that Edmund Wilson was the mentor of my youth, but an exaggeration with a modicum of truth. For the four years (1925–1929) when we were both on the staff of the *New Republic*, I regarded myself as his pupil, and so, I think, did he. I also learned to like him and laugh at him (behind my hand) as one of the eccentric elders in whose company God or Herbert Croley (the *New Republic*'s founder and editor), themselves a sufficiently eccentric pair, had put me.

When I first met Wilson I was 24, and young for my age; he was my elder by only six years, but seemed of a different generation; I considered him and deferred to him as an older man. I thought him rather disappointing to look at: a short, sandy-haired youngish man, at 30 already inclined to stoutness and baldness, with pale, blinking eyes and a high, strained-tenor voice; his profile as regular as a plump Roman emperor's but his expression like an absent-minded, cantankerous professor's. There was something chilly and withdrawn—*disagreeable* is perhaps not too strong a word—in the set of his face.

He was not so much shy as uneasy and awkward with people, and his uneasiness held more than a hint of impatience, as if he felt he was wasting his time in such company and was in a hurry to be off. He had no small talk whatever, but when he was holding forth on a subject that interested him, he seemed perfectly oblivious of his audience and would go on and on in his rapid-fire, high-pitched voice, gesturing mostly by jerking back his head or wagging it from side to side. When he paused, always at the end of a paragraph, a hearer might wrongly suppose that he had finished and would sometimes make the mistake of starting a new subject. That this was a mistake was borne in on him when Wilson, having collected his thoughts and regained his breath, broke ruthlessly in at the exact spot where he had left off.

In the first months of our acquaintance I never had any real conversation with him, though I saw him nearly every day. At first he would slip past my office door without stopping, sometimes with a nod and a small whinnying sound meant as a greeting. Then one day he stopped and came in. There was something impressive and something appealing about him—you felt that while his mind was roaming (occupied with very serious matters and in awesomely select company), he might not quite realize that it was beginning to rain, and you felt impelled to open an umbrella over him or guide him to shelter.

He did have friends, and his friends felt that way about him; they respected him, laughed at him, and called him "Bunny." And there must have been something about him that appealed to women, for he was married four times. When I first knew him, he was divorced and not yet remarried, and I remember the room he was living in—I think it was on Ninth Avenue—a perfect picture of helpless, squalid bachelorhood: an unmade bed, empty gin bottles on the dirty floor, no carpet, one naked electric light bulb. Women, too—some of them—wanted to guide him to shelter.

Wilson had enemies as well as friends. The printers at the Steinberg Press, for instance, where the *New Republic* was printed, hated him. They had their rea-

*T. S. Matthews's most recent book is* Great Tom: Notes Toward the Definition of T. S. Eliot.



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**"He came to resemble David Levine's cartoon of him as an owl; and many a prancing Squirrel Nutkin had reason to remember him as Old Brown himself."**

sons. Although Wilson had been a journalist, of a literary sort, for years, I don't think he clearly understood or had much interest in the mechanics of printing. Anything he wrote was likely to be rewritten several times before he was satisfied with it; he would cross out paragraphs on his galley proofs and paste in new passages, typewritten, if there was time; if there wasn't, he would crowd the margins with his small but legible handwriting, in pencil. (He had a peculiar way of holding a pencil: he seemed to bunch his whole hand about it, using both his middle finger and his forefinger to guide the point.) Worst of all, he would often make drastic revisions on the page proof itself. As anyone who knows the printing process doesn't need to be told, such eleventh-hour corrections entail a lot of highly expensive extra work for linotyper, compositor, proofreader, and foreman, and hold up the stereotypers as well. All hands in a printing shop take a strong view of last-minute author's alterations.

The printers didn't hold me personally responsible for these outrages of Wilson, as they knew I was only a go-between. But one day at the press, when with a sinking heart I had given the foreman some heavily "corrected" page proofs of a Wilson article, he said to me, "This Wilson a friend of yours?"

That wasn't quite the way I'd have put it, but I said yes.

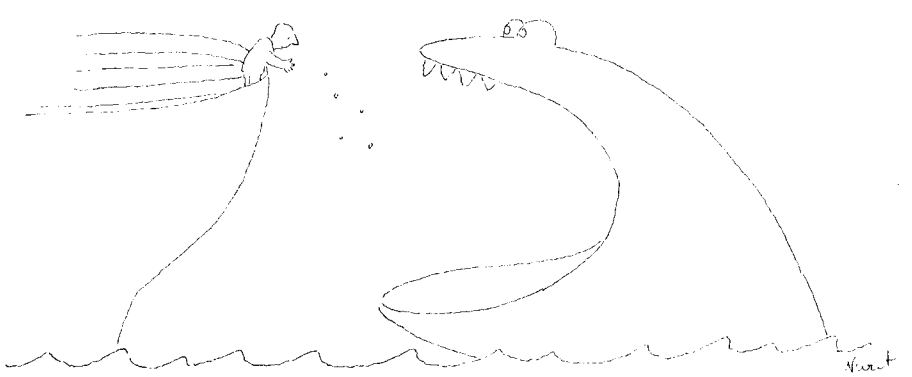
"Well, let me tell you something. Don't ever let him show his face down here. Why not? The boys would kill'm. That's why."

I think it's a pity that Wilson never knew that; but it was characteristic of him not even to suspect it. I suppose it was equally characteristic of me not to tell him—although if I had tried to, I don't think he would have understood.

OUR FRIENDSHIP—if that is not too warm a word (it is certainly not too warm for my end of it)—broke off in about 1940, when we met by chance at Princeton Junction and he dumbfounded me by picking a quarrel, the reason for which at the time was quite incomprehensible to me. He had begun by accusing *Time* (on whose staff I had then been for some 10 years) of being "dirty about women," and noted that the higher I rose in *Time*'s ranks, "the dirtier it got." This unexpected attack, by a man whom I had regarded as friendly, if not my friend, left me ruffled, angry, and puzzled.

I finally came to the conclusion that the animosity behind Wilson's outburst must have arisen from his resentment of *Time*'s review of a book by Mary McCarthy, who was then his wife. The review had been written by James Agee, who was incapable of being "dirty" about anybody. I had not read the book, *The Company She Keeps*, but I had passed the review. I now read the book, reread the review, and found myself in complete agreement with Agee.

Later it occurred to me that the underlying reason for Wilson's attack had not been merely this particular review. I think he may have felt disappointed by my giving up writing for the anonymous, executive job of a *Time* editor; besides, he didn't consider the writing in *Time* respectable journalism. There was nothing in my accomplishment he could happily take credit for; in a way it was a reflection on himself as an instructor of my youth. He must have felt that the time he had spent on me was quite wasted. I not only had left school too young but had gone to the bad straight off. As for me, I remember Wilson as one of my favorite professors.



THE BREAK IN our friendship lasted so long—20 years!—that I never expected to see him again and felt free to describe him, in a book of memoirs I wrote, exactly as he had appeared to me. Then, shortly after the book *Name and Address* was published, to my surprise and delight I received the following letter:

April 4, 1960.

Dear Tom:

I have been reading your book with great interest. You have turned out to be a writer after all. I think that you did well to decide to do a straight autobiography rather than the usual autobiographical novel. I am sorry that our last meeting was disagreeable, and when I heard that you were leaving *Time*, I had the impulse to wire you congratulations. I hope to see you again in a more cheerful way.

Here are some observations:

First of all, I was surprised to discover that I was only six years older than you. I had thought of you as so much younger. The point is that the younger people are, the more difference a few years make. At first it did not seem to me plausible that you should have been in England in 1911—I was there in 1908 and 1914; and that you should remember the old-fashioned Fourth of July. (You don't mention that those paper balloons were sometimes in the form of animals.) I also read Ralston's *Russian Fairy Tales*, which was in my grandfather's library, and also thought they were among the most frightening. You know Gogol developed his story *Viy*—which I think is the most hair-raising modern tale of horror—from one of those vampire stories. . . ."

He then proceeded to cite more points on which he either corrected me or had some critical comment to make, and ended on a sympathetic note:

I share your personal reactions to what is going on in this country: Russia and the United States are getting to be more and more alike; and sometimes I feel that I have reached the point when, as the old adage says, good Americans can die and go to Paris. . . .

As ever,

Edmund Wilson

This letter made me very happy. It not only conferred on me the diploma he had all these years withheld but also added an apology for his attack on me. From Wilson, such a statement of regret could certainly be construed as an apology.

I replied warmly; he invited me to



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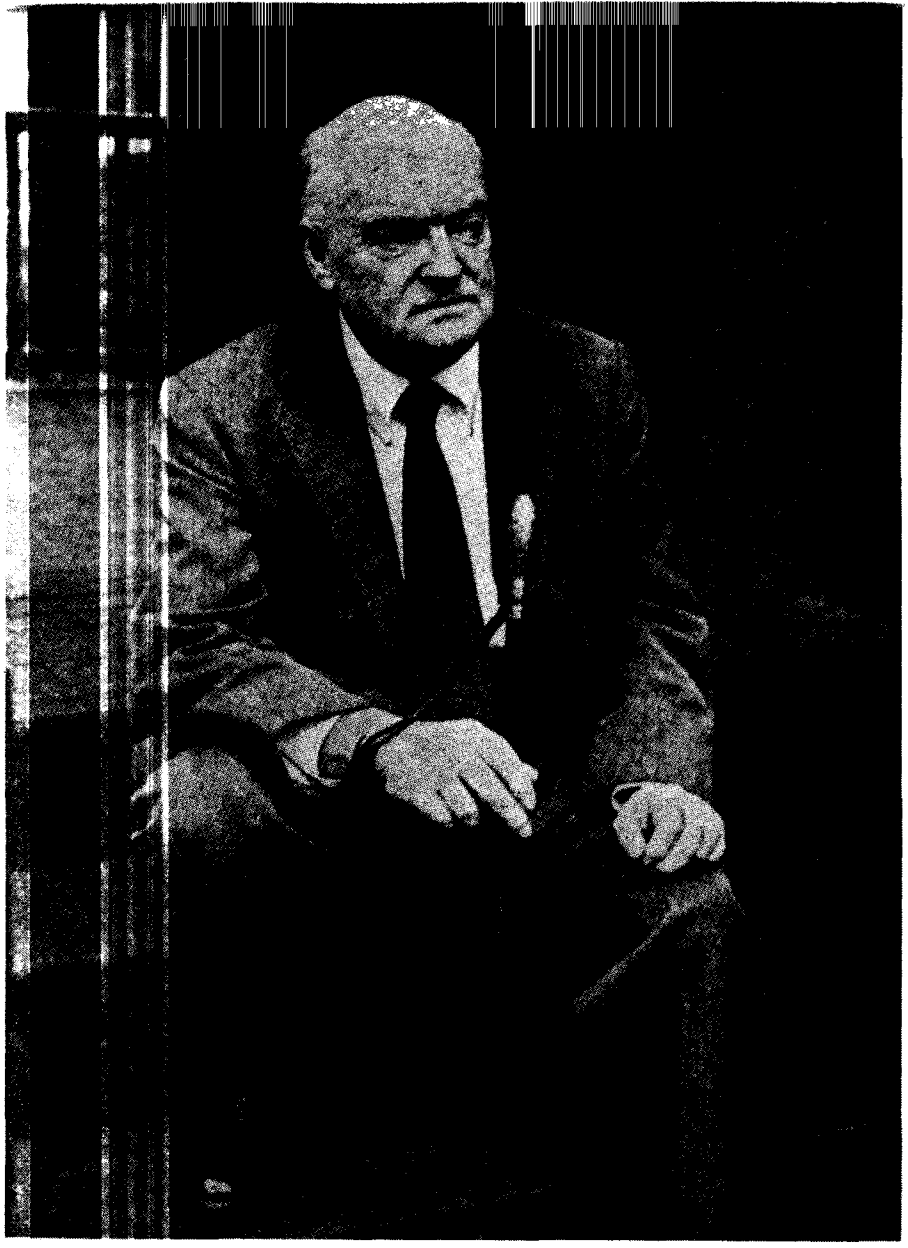
visit him on Cape Cod on my next trip to America. In October of that year I went to his house in Wellfleet, Mass., for dinner. He had told me to come early, so that we could have a good talk beforehand. I arrived about six o'clock, and his still-beautiful wife, Elena, showed me into his study. This room itself was not very large, but it was the anteroom to a much larger than ordinary library—apparently a series of boxlike rooms containing serried ranks of bookshelves.

In the 20 years since I had seen him he had changed very little. He was, of course, much stouter, so that he no longer seemed to have any neck; he was shorter of breath (and perhaps of temper?), but he had not become, as so many old men do, a caricature of his youth. He was impressive.

We sat down and Wilson poured us both large whiskeys. After a silence of 20 years there was a great deal to talk about, large areas of time to cover; I was full of comments and questions. But Wilson had always liked to be in charge of the conversation, and in this respect I found him quite unchanged. After a lame beginning, when he was impelled, to my embarrassment, to repeat his apology *viva voce,* I tried to change the subject and also introduce various topics from my mental list. But each time Wilson would say, "Yes, yes, we'll come to that presently!" and imbibe another draught from his glass.

By the time we went in to dinner, I had drunk more than I wanted—but nothing like as much as Wilson. He managed to carve the leg of lamb and serve us all (his wife and teenage daughter joined us for dinner), then said to me, in that characteristic tone of voice that sounded half-annoyed, half-surprised: "As you see, I am quite unable to carry on a conversation." It was only too true. Elena Wilson did her best to keep the talk going, and Wilson would occasionally rouse himself and make a drowsy, ineffectual pounce as a phrase went past him. We tried to pretend that nothing was amiss; but as soon as dinner was over, I took my leave. What an anticlimax to my great expectations! And my timetable did not allow another try; that would have to wait till next year.

THAT MEETING, almost a year later, began more auspiciously. As I pulled up in front of his house, the whole family was gathered in the grassy dooryard, under a spreading elm tree, and a camera crew from *Holiday* was taking pictures of them. Wilson beckoned to me, calling, "Come join us! Come and join us!" When the man in charge of the crew asked Wilson who I was, he cried, "My son!" Wilson's only son, Reuel, was in fact there; also his daughter Helen and her mother, Elena. I duly joined them, and a picture was taken.



*Wilson in 1961—America's world image had become "homicidal and menacing."*

Wilson was very proud of his son, and told me (not in Reuel's presence) what a gifted linguist he was. He gave me to understand that there was a keen rivalry between them in learning a new language; he admitted that Reuel had the advantage over him, in being able to speak whatever language he acquired, while Wilson himself rarely had more than a reading knowledge. He told me he had lately tried to steal a march on his son by secretly studying Hungarian, only to discover that Reuel was there before him. Physically, father and son were much alike, Reuel being also short and square, with sandy hair and a blink like his father's. He was in his 20s; he wore a striped shirt, shorts, sandals, and a cropped beard, and said (at least while I was there) almost nothing.

The photographing over, Wilson and I repaired to his study, and on this occasion the flow of talk was not overborne by the flow of whiskey; by the time dinner was over, we had pretty well covered all the topics postponed from the year before.

DURING THE NEXT 10 YEARS, which were also the last 10 years of his life, Wilson and I met only four or five times. He came more and more to resemble David Levine's cartoon of him as an owl; and many a prancing Squirrel Nutkin had



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**"Wilson's place in the hall of literary immortals is secure; in fact, he is there already . . . seated between Sainte-Beuve and Dr. Johnson."**

reason to remember him as Old Brown himself. He and I never corresponded to any extent, but I read everything he wrote and sent him several congratulatory letters; I don't remember his ever responding to any of them. I presumed that Wilson must have found these letters unsatisfactory in some way. They were unsatisfactory to me as well: I felt that I could never manage to control my enthusiasm and make them seem *reasonable*. But was I over-enthusiastic? I remember writing to him that *Patriotic Gore* was a great book and certain to become an American classic, and I don't think that was far out.

I had been particularly impressed by a passage in his introduction in which he likened the cause of wars to the voracity of rival sea slugs. When I next saw him, he told me he had expanded this idea in a small pamphlet, *The Cold War and the Income Tax*, which would soon be published. He also talked darkly about "the government trying to take my houses away from me"—not only his house in Wellfleet but also the house his mother had left him in upper New York State. It sounded to me like the conservatism of middle age; I thought it was perhaps a sign that he was comfortably off at last and was now grumbling about his taxes, like any good Republican. Little did I know!

After reading *The Cold War and the Income Tax*, I understood why he feared that his houses might be confiscated, and I gained some idea of the nature and the extent of his "difficulties" with the government. He had fallen into such arrears in paying his income tax (for nine years he had not even filed a return) that he was liable not only to a large fine but also to arrest and imprisonment. He had gone for advice to a friend and Princeton classmate, high in the legal profession, who told him frankly that the best thing he could do was to become a citizen of some other country. This he refused to do.

The upshot was that after he had paid $16,000—all the money he could lay his hands on—toward back taxes, he still owed the Internal Revenue more than $68,000. Besides this he had unpaid lawyers' bills, an unpaid loan of $10,000, and a mortgage. His despair was only mitigated when the IRS informed him that in fact he could settle his bill for only $25,000, this sum to be paid by garnisheeing his income for the next three years.

*"Tell the studio to forget about a weekly series. I'm retired."*

How on earth did he land himself in such a pickle? Sheer negligence, as he himself confessed. In some practical ways he really did need someone to look after him, and most of the time someone did. For him money and all its appurtenances were only an interruption and a nuisance; his literary labors preoccupied him to the exclusion of everything else. This fact must have become apparent even to the vengeful bureaucrats who pursued him.

In the years of our renewed acquaintance, however, I don't think I once heard him laugh heartily. There was too much on his mind, and I think, too, that he must often have felt far from well. I never knew him to take any exercise—he was obviously much overweight, and he drank more whiskey than was good for him. In spite of these obstacles he did an amazing amount of work and lived a long life.

Wilson's discovery of the income tax led him to investigate the uses to which the government put the tax money, and his findings horrified him. Most of the money was spent for "defense"—an ambiguous word that can also mean "attack" and can include the secret manufacture and storing of vast quantities of such horrors as napalm and deadly or contagious bacteria. He came to the conclusions that "the people of the United States are at the present time dominated and driven by two kinds of officially propagated fear: fear of the Soviet



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Union and fear of the income tax"; that "our country has become today a huge blundering power unit controlled more and more by bureaucracies whose rule is making it more and more difficult to carry on the tradition of American individualism; and since I can accept neither this power unit's aims nor the methods it employs to finance them, I have finally come to feel that this country, whether or not I continue to live in it, is no longer any place for me." And he saw what America's image had become to the world at large: "self-intoxicated, homicidal, and menacing."

Perhaps if he had been 20 years younger, he might have carried out his threat to leave his native land. But I doubt it. Where would he have gone? The British would have felt it an honor to welcome him, but he was too deep-dyed a Yankee to return the compliment. The state of Europe only deepened his gloom. His younger love affair with Russia ("the moral top of the world, where the light never quite goes out") had long ago been cured by a visit to the Soviet Union. He was not the type for Latin America or the South Seas.

IN JULY 1971 I saw Wilson for the last time. I had heard that he was not well and telephoned to ask if he could see me. Elena Wilson let me in and went to fetch him, leaving me in a sitting room. When he shuffled in, in a dressing gown, I was shocked at his appearance: his face was quite chapfallen and a bad color. But he seemed glad to see me. He asked why my wife hadn't come; I told him that she had sent her respects but thought we would do better without her. Elena brought him a whiskey; I chose iced tea. The whiskey seemed to revive him, but presently he said reproachfully to Elena, "You see! My speech is affected [as it was]: I cannot pronounce my words properly." She said to him soothingly that he was talking very distinctly. But quite often I lost the operative word in one of his sentences or had to ask him to repeat a name.

He was no longer the ruthless pursuer of a single conversational fish: often one sentence would be enough to finish a subject, and he was quite amenable to the shifts and changes of a rather gossipy conversation. He told me he had just written a book about his father's house in upstate New York and hoped to finish several other things—"if God spares me."

He had lately suffered a bad fall, he said, followed by at least two strokes, and he was now unable to work more than two or three hours a day. He was obviously ailing and exhausted, and I soon took my leave. I felt that I would not see him again, and I was right: he died the following June.

WILSON WAS the foremost American man of letters of the twentieth century. He was also, I think, a great American sage. He embodied that rare combination of stubborn skepticism, inveterate innocence, and sturdy, clarifying common sense that we used to consider peculiarly American—almost an American invention—but whose exponents now are sunk under the horizon, as deep as Atlantis. Wilson's sort, if it has not quite vanished from America, is in the fast-dwindling, minuscule minority: although once dominant in the Republic's affairs, this old American type is now almost completely disfranchised and disregarded.

I no longer wish, as I once did, that he had been given the Nobel Prize—except for the material help the money would have been to him. The honors he deserves and will certainly be awarded will be bestowed by a larger and better informed panel than any Swedish committee: generations of civilized readers. His place in the hall of literary immortals is secure; in fact, he is there already, looking unimpressed by the company, and seated between Sainte-Beuve and Dr. Johnson. □


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# Wilson's Daybooks

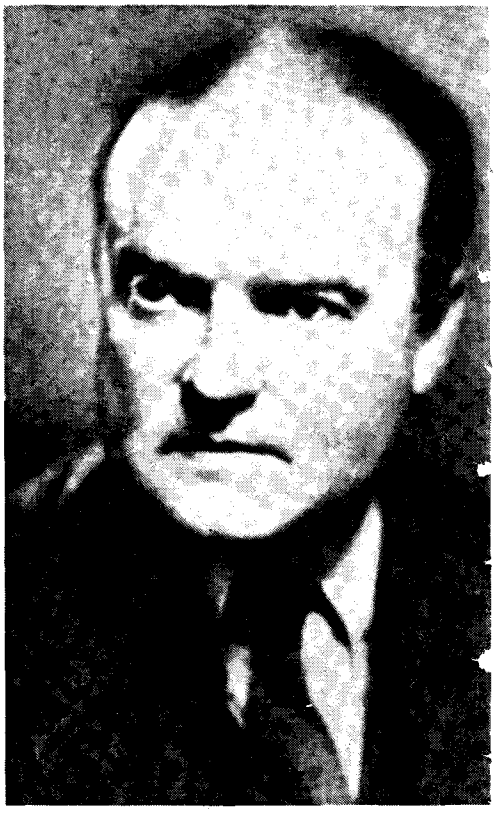
**The Twenties: From Notebooks and Diaries of the Period**
*by Edmund Wilson*
*Edited with an Introduction*
*by Leon Edel*
*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 608 pp., $10*

Reviewed by John W. Aldridge

Edmund Wilson's personal writings have until now occupied a somewhat peripheral place in relation to his far better known and more distinguished work in the fields of criticism and literary history. The result is that his considerable gifts as a memoirist and social observer have not been fully appreciated nor the particular qualities of his private mind and personality sufficiently understood.

From the age of 13 until he died, in 1972, Wilson kept copious diaries and journals, on which he drew for his two autobiographical volumes, *A Prelude* and *Upstate*; for the many personal pieces scattered through his collections of essays, *The Shores of Light, Classics and Commercials, A Piece of My Mind, The American Earthquake,* and *Bit Between My Teeth*; and even for certain materials that he incorporated, often in only slightly disguised form, into his novels, *I Thought of Daisy* and *Memoirs of Hecate County*. By the time of his death, he had accumulated 41 ledger-type copybooks comprising more than 2,000 manuscript pages, and his friend Leon Edel has now published a lightly edited edition of the journals written during the Twenties. Subsequent volumes, covering the decades between 1930 and 1972, are scheduled to appear under Edel's editorship at regular intervals over the next several years, and Wilson's widow, in collaboration with Prof. Daniel Aaron of Harvard, will shortly issue a comprehensive collection of Wilson's letters. This massive project, when finally completed, will unquestionably represent one of the most important literary undertakings conceivable in our time, not only because the abundant records kept by Wilson constitute an invaluable history of American literary and cultural life over the past 50 years, but also because they chronicle the intellectual development of a writer whose influence on literary opinion in this country has been greater than that of any other critic of his generation. For Wilson was something far more than simply our best-known and most productive critic. He was also a cultural force of very large size and old-fashioned kind. One thinks of him not so much as the contemporary of Hemingway and Fitzgerald but as belonging to a tradition in which perhaps his closest contemporary is Henry James. In reading these journals, one is reminded again and again of James. Not inappropriately, Wilson's editor is also James's official biographer.

James and Wilson both had the singular good fortune to belong to periods in our history when the literary work most urgently needing to be done in their respective forms was particularly well suited to their talents. That work, furthermore, was essentially the same for both. The experience of his time and place, in particular his decision to spend most of his life abroad, gave James the opportunity to internationalize the American novel. Wilson, whose literary standards were formed in large part on the French historical criticism of Michelet and Taine, established his reputation with *Axel's Castle,* a work that may be said to have pioneered the internationalization of American criticism by opening our understanding of the European symbolist movement. Wilson brought to the task an intellectual culture that, like James's, was more European than American, more classical than modern, and a sensitivity to language that not only enabled him to learn several European languages as well as Russian and Hebrew, but also gave him a fanatical preoccupation with stylistic nuance and exactitude. Both James and Wilson saw literature as the ultimate vindication of life, and they served it with a priestly dedication, in part because it was their primary and natural mode of connection with the world, but also because it was a means of making coherent—and, therefore, of mastering—their own troubled responses to the world.



*Wilson in his prime—"Literature as the ultimate vindication of life."*

As the earlier entries in these notebooks make clear, Wilson in his youth suffered, as did James, from what the latter called an acute sense of "otherness." James was by turns gratified and oppressed by the feeling that he was a citizen only of the James family, and Wilson seems to have felt similarly ambiguous about the closeness of his own family ties. The Wilsons lived, according to Edel:

> in a self-contained world like the Bolkonskys or the Karenins, in relative affluence . . . an assortment of aunts and uncles and cousins who came and went in their particular exclusive corner of New Jersey. The ancestry had been Presbyterian; the Calvinism lingered. There were distinctions of caste and a sense, however powerless, of being "gentry" in a private universe.

Wilson once said that before he entered prep school he had known almost no one but the members of his own family,

*John W. Aldridge is professor of English at the University of Michigan and the author of a number of volumes of criticism, most recently* The Devil in the Fire: Retrospective Essays on American Literature and Culture, 1951–1971.



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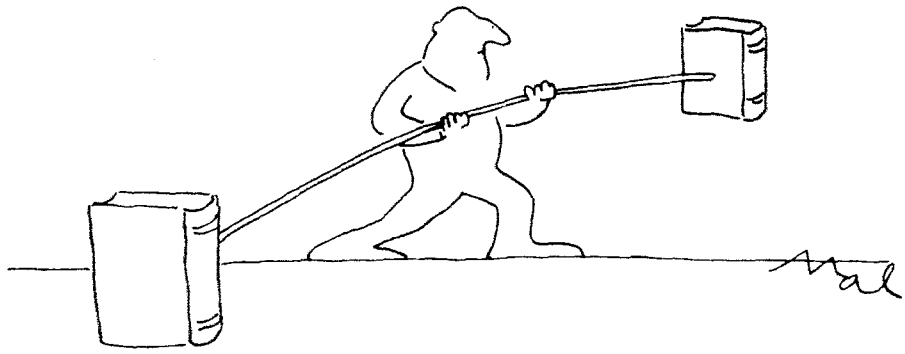
and that when he finished college he felt unable to get on with ordinary people.

Wilson's sense of estrangement from the world beyond his family was aggravated by the peculiar insecurity of his relations with his parents. He had an aloof, strong-willed mother who was made more inaccessible by deafness than she naturally was. His father was a brilliant and successful lawyer but subject to periods of acute depression and often immobilized completely by what at that time was described as neurasthenia. Wilson had nothing to say to his mother even if her hearing had been perfect, and one of the poignant revelations in the early journals is that as a boy he used to take notes on topics about which he might possibly engage her in conversation. He seems to have had feelings of great respect for his father, but at the same time an anxiety that he himself might become emotionally ill and lose control of his life. It is of interest that in 1929 Wilson did in fact have a nervous breakdown, and he was understandably shocked when told that he was then exactly the same age his father had been at the time of the father's first serious breakdown. But like James, who suffered what seems to have been an actual physical injury, his "horrid even if obscure hurt," which may have incapacitated him sexually, Wilson learned to put his frailties to creative use, and he found in literature a means of breaking at least imaginatively out of the confines of otherness and at the same time maintaining his psychic equilibrium. "Books, language, the world of imaginative reconstruction," says Edel, "established some kind of communion with the remote 'outside.' . . . He seemed to have developed a particular meticulosity of mind, cultivated doubtless against chaos."

As he grew to maturity, Wilson was able to involve himself in the world with considerable energy, and his sense of otherness surely intensified his extraordinary powers of observation and his appetite for impressions—much as James, his feeling of personal isolation compounded by the experience of being an expatriated American, was impelled with so much curiosity and excitement to immerse himself in the rich social life of England. Both men apparently came to know virtually everybody worth knowing in their respective societies: James, the rich, famous, and titled; Wilson, for the most part the literary bohemians of the Village, magazine editors, the Algonquin Wits, and the uptown cocktail crowd, along with a great many men and women whom James would have considered wholly disreputable.

A fundamental difference in both taste and the kinds of experience open to the two men is illustrated by the fact that James could reveal with some amazement and pride that he had dined out at various great houses a total of 107 times in one winter. Wilson, product of a less formal age, seems to have done little when not writing except go to parties and travel from bed to bed. He overcame with great success the social and sexual inhibitions of his youth, and he did so in a manner that James might have found sociologically intriguing but assuredly not at all enviable.

Yet the effects of Wilson's early life were never completely eradicated. He seems always to have retained a core of remoteness and emotional rigidity, even while strenuously involved in social life and carrying on his most intense love affairs. Edel observes that when he died, at 77, "he had many friends and the admiration of the world . . . but there was to the end something aloof and shut in, as if he were still reaching out from behind obsolete invisible barriers, using the full force of his intellect to establish a truce with mankind."



Evidence for this is to be found everywhere in the journals covering the period of Wilson's early adult life. The entries reveal his incredible sensitivity to the tonalities of character, setting, weather, and spoken language. His reportage of conversations overheard and his mimicry of dialects show him to have had a perfect ear and a fine sense of the ludicrous, whatever in fact was comic, vulgar, or gauche in the speech and behavior of the people he encountered. Yet his innate spectatorial stance, as well as some dead or anesthetized area of his psyche, causes him again and again to seem obtuse or wooden in relation to his own feelings. He observes himself in emotional situations and at times in the act of expressing emotion. But there is a clinical quality about his descriptions of these occasions and a seemingly nervous embarrassment that makes him want to rush past them as quickly as possible.

There is also something particularly distorted and secretive about his treatment of the women with whom he had his most serious relationships. Concerning the two women, Mary Blair and Margaret Canby, who became his first and his second wives during the period, he offers almost no information at all and presents only the most cursory description of the quality of his feelings for them. Yet when he writes of his affairs with other women—and they are almost always the kind he would never dream of marrying—he can be expansive and confessional to the point where at moments the clinician is nearly but not quite vanquished by the lover, and the lover completely disorients the judgment of the writer. He devotes long passages to detailed accounts of exactly how he performed intercourse with these women, what positions they assumed, whether clothes were on or off, what odors were detectable and delectable, and the number of orgasms arrived at by himself and/or his partner after a specified period of effort. He is also capable of so completely giving way to amatory gusto as to offer, with absolute solemnity, passages like the following one, which is surely calculated to sully the appetites of cheese-lovers throughout the world: "I held her firm little insteps for a moment in my hands: in pale stockings, her tired



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and sweaty feet were like two little moist cream cheeses encased in covers of cloth: her body, which seemed now so slight in its pale blue dress, lay as limp as a lettuce leaf soaked by the summer rain." The girl being described served as the model for the character of Anna in *Memoirs of Hecate County*, although the quoted passage was reproduced verbatim earlier in *I Thought of Daisy* and used as a description of the heroine.

For reasons perhaps having to do with his ambiguous relations with his mother, Wilson seems to have been afflicted with a problem not unfamiliar in male-chauvinist sexual lore. He was capable of responding passionately and tenderly to women who were waitresses, dance-hall girls, prostitutes, or otherwise below him socially. But women who were his equal, who were brilliant, artistic, or independent in love, were mysterious and unattainable, goddesses to be worshiped but not with any ease sexually enjoyed. Wilson's first two wives apparently belonged to this latter category, as the poet Edna St. Vincent Millay, whom he adored, also very clearly did. There is a sad but significant description in the journals of a moment when Wilson and his friend the poet John Peale Bishop, also in love with Miss Millay, are both given permission by her to hold her body—fully clothed of course—at the same time. Bishop sits decorously clasping the top half, while Wilson embraces the bottom half. It is a scene that contrasts interestingly with the one in which Wilson tenderly holds Anna's sweaty feet.

YET IT WOULD BE A MISTAKE to assume that the value of these journals consists merely of the insight they afford us into the character of the younger Edmund Wilson. They also have the very greatest importance as documents of social and literary history, and the segment of history they chronicle is one which we continue to look upon with undiminishing nostalgia but which, in comparison with our situation today, we must find more and more difficult to comprehend.

Although Wilson does not himself generalize abstractly about the qualities of the era but rather is consistently descriptive and impressionistic, one cannot help being struck by the fact that the life he is recording now seems removed from us by at least a century of psychological time. Through his many vivid portraits of people encountered across an extremely wide social spectrum, we are reminded that the Twenties were years when the lines of communication among the various classes in America had not yet broken down, and the literary community still had a cohesiveness which made it possible for writers constantly to see one another and at the same time have some chance to associate with the very rich and the very poor, the highly educated and the unsophisticated. This was a decade when artists and intellectuals had a style of life markedly different from that of business and professional people, and there existed a vital relationship between the way they lived and the work they produced. The worlds of literature and publishing had not yet become institutionalized and domesticated as they have today. Writers lived in New York and Paris, not on isolated farms in Connecticut or in university towns scattered across the country.

The period that Wilson re-creates so superbly was seemingly crowded with remarkable and individualistic people who were engaged in experimenting with new freedoms, trying on new identities, seeking to create new ways of giving expression to what they sensed were radically changed realities following the end of World War I. Wilson was one of the most distinguished participants in and observers of what we now recognize to have been the revolution that brought the modern age in American society and the arts to its first dramatic flowering. It is an instructive experience to witness the growth of his sensibility in the growth of that remarkable time, to learn what it was like to be alive then, and to recognize how greatly we have since matured, how quickly we have aged, and just how much the process has cost us in excitement and vitality. □

*"Pardon me, sir, I'm a carrier pigeon. Do you happen to know what zip code area this is?"*



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# Gift Books for the Graduate's Reference Shelf

by David M. Glixon

It's hard to think of an investment that costs so little and yields so much as a good reference work placed in the hands of a recent high-school or college graduate. Whether it's a general work like a dictionary or a handbook in some specialized field like the performing arts, a sound reference volume has a way of far outlasting the graduate's perennial dream gift, a foreign sports car—and books don't gulp gas and need constant tune-ups!

Before getting into science, the arts, and other specialized areas, let's look at some recent general dictionaries that make first-rate gifts for the grad:

Fresh on the market is *The Doubleday Dictionary for Home, School, and Office* (Doubleday, $5.95). Though its 85,000-plus entries are only slightly more than half the number in the "college"-size dictionaries, it has the obvious advantage of price and (for the moment) up-to-dateness: it takes us right through Nixon's resignation, and it recognizes both recent slang and old-time "vulgar terms." In the main body of the dictionary, pronunciations are excellent, but they are unfortunately absent from the extensive gazetteer and the condensed biographical section. Though etymologies abound, they are halfhearted; the origin of *livery*, for example, is correctly given as *liber* ("free"), but what are the links connecting the two words? Likewise, *quark* is listed as the coinage of a U. S. physicist; no credit is given to its origin in *Finnegans Wake*. And *Jumbo* is traced to Barnum but not to its Swahili derivation. The dictionary ranks high in number of illustrations, synonymies, explanations of usage, and—most important—clarity of definitions.

We acclaimed *The American Heritage Dictionary* (Houghton Mifflin) on its appearance in 1969. Just reissued in slightly reduced format, the 155,000-entry College Edition—its biographical entries updated and its 4,000 marginal illustrations intact—is a bargain at $8.95.

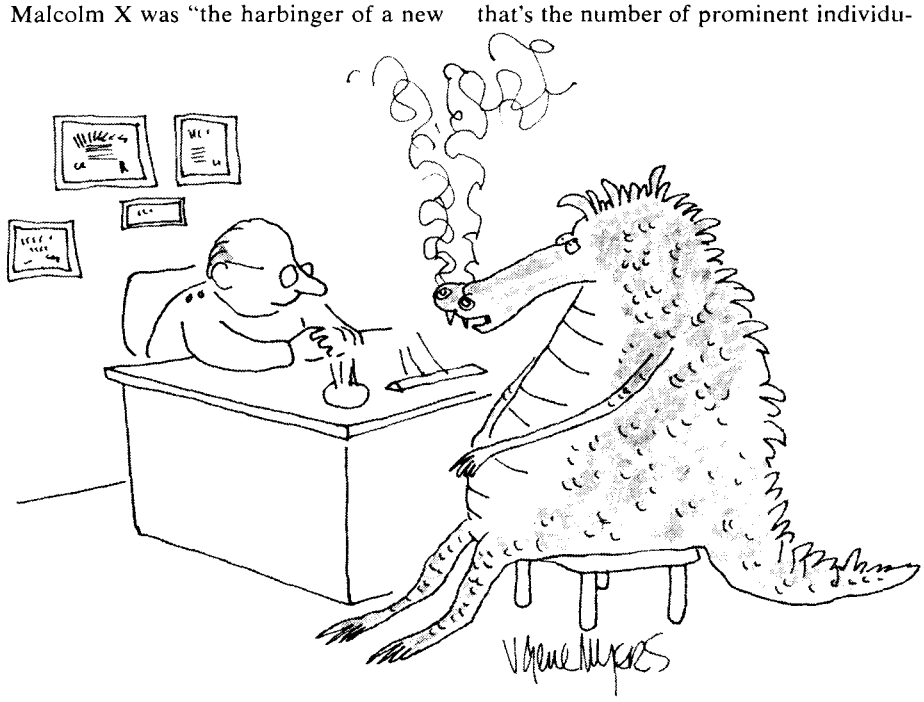
Foreign-language students will find some of the new works helpful. *The Concise Cambridge Italian Dictionary* (Cambridge, $19.95) is an adequate two-way compilation, rich in phrases, combining common and proper nouns and adjectives. Pronunciation of the Italian words can be readily understood, and verb tables are unusually full.

Being all in French (no English equivalents), the Robert dictionaries (distributed by Scribner's) are for more advanced students who can take advantage of the volumes' superb resources. For a basic 25,000 words, each entry word printed in red capitals, the *Micro Robert* (1,170 pp., $7.95) provides definitions, cross-references, synonyms, antonyms, pronunciations, examples of use, and other valuable adjuncts.

A FAR CRY from the impersonal biographical data supplied in a dictionary are the essays that constitute the *Encyclopedia of American Biography*, edited by John A. Garraty and Jerome L. Sternstein (Harper & Row, $22.50). The volume deals with more than a thousand people, who represent every field, and range in time from Columbus to Betty Friedan. Each piece starts off with two or three interestingly written paragraphs of biographical highlights, then launches into an original, insightful essay: "Nixon . . . was essentially a hollow, empty man." Malcolm X was "the harbinger of a new black consciousness in America." "The cadence of [Holden Caulfield's] speech influenced an entire generation's tone of voice; . . . but Norman Mailer's harsh judgment, that [J. D. Salinger] is 'the greatest mind ever to stay in prep school,' cannot be easily dismissed." Objections can readily be raised to the inclusions and omissions of biographees, though here the editors can make a good case for their criteria. Obviously, even 1,250 pages can hardly hold the lives of *all* significant contributors to the glories and blights of our culture, and it's easier to criticize a line of demarcation than to draw one. What *is* included is highly readable and frequently enlightening.

With the same number of pages as the Garraty-Sternstein book, but set in smaller type, *Webster's American Biographies* (Merriam, $15), edited by Charles Van Doren and Robert McHenry, covers three times as many significant Americans. The time bracket is extended backward another 500 years by including early explorers like Leif Ericson and Thorfinn Karlsefni. And though the comments are less literary and judgments necessarily sparser, there is no sacrifice of readable style.

FOR THE CRADLE DAYS of the Republic, 500 personages should easily suffice; that's the number of prominent individu-



*"I can't stop smoking."*

*David M. Glixon, editor of the Limited Editions Club, is an incurable browser in reference works.*



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als whose achievements are surveyed in the alphabetical main section of David C. Whitney's *The Colonial Spirit of '76*. Subtitled "The People of the Revolution" (Ferguson, $29.95), the large-type, large-format volume is embellished with Kay Smith's charming scenic watercolors and line drawings and hundreds of maps and other documentary illustrations. Strange that no room was found for Haym Salomon, the daring merchant who helped finance the Revolution, or Francis Salvador, the first Jew elected to American office (killed in action in '76), or David Bushnell (see review of *Eureka!* below).

There are entries for all three among the 1,400 brief profiles that make up the second half of *People & Events of the American Revolution*, edited by Trevor N. Dupuy and Gay M. Hammerman (Bowker/Dupuy, $10.95). The first half is a chronology of events from the Molasses Act of 1733 to the Peace Treaty of 1783, and this section is thoroughly indexed. Endpaper maps round out a compact volume that can be read or consulted with equal profit.

For buffs and students who appreciate the value of visual aids, we highly recommend the *Atlas of the American Revolution* (Rand McNally, $35), whose 54 maps reproduce in color the detailed and attractive engravings of the period. They measure up to 14 by 20 inches—the full spread of the open volume. Commentaries by Kenneth Nebenzahl, vivid connecting narrative by historian Don Higginbotham, and scores of contemporary pictures heighten the reader's vicarious participation in the conflict and its background. Also of Bicentennial interest is the new edition of Mark M. Boatner's authoritative 1,300-page *Encyclopedia of the American Revolution* (McKay, $17.50), alphabetically arranged and fully cross-referenced, and provided with 50 maps and diagrams.

To follow the tides of Middle Eastern threats, skirmishes, wars, and settlements, we suggest Martin Gilbert's *Atlas of the Arab-Israeli Conflict* (Macmillan, $6.95), which consists entirely of full-page outline maps. There are a hundred of them, the first six dealing with pre-1900 conditions, the last with events from November 1973 through March 1974. Explanations and statistics are confined to boxes within the maps; they include pregnant quotations from prominent officials of the countries involved.

*"The prime rate is falling! The prime rate is falling!"*

DID YOU KNOW that a submarine invented by a Yale student named David Bushnell was used in an unsuccessful attack on British vessels during the Revolution? The tale is told in two current books—both of British authorship—that should delight inquisitive minds. *Eureka!* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $25), edited by Edward de Bono, is "An Illustrated History of Inventions from the Wheel to the Computer," comprising a collection of signed pieces by authorities in the fields into which the text is divided. Musical notation, logarithms, water closets, the fluorescent lamp, freeze-dried coffee, the arch, the telescope, and the Wankel engine can be found among the hundreds of inventions whose origins are entertainingly described. To add to the book's pleasures and usefulness there are scores of handsome illustrations (many in color) and a time chart.

A full chronology is also featured in *The Book of Firsts* by Patrick Robertson (Potter, $10), which runs alphabetically from "Abortion Clinic" (as advertised in a 1780 London newspaper) to "Zip-Fastener." What with items on IQ tests, parachutes, private eyes, paperbacks, poodle parlors, and potato chips, it's a handy book for settling disputes, for reference, or for idle browsing.

For the more serious young scientist there are new publications in several branches, all of which are comprehended in the *McGraw-Hill Dictionary of Scientific and Technical Terms* ($39.50), Daniel N. Lapedes editor-in-chief. With the accompanying illustrations, its nearly 100,000 succinct entries occupy over 1,600 three-column pages. Zoology, oceanography, physics, engineering, medicine, graphics, psychology—these and a hundred more fields yield grist (which is defined) for the mill (five definitions) of the editors (whose work is recognized only in the rich context of automatic data processing). Tables of codes, symbols, abbreviations, and notations are grouped in an appendix.

The dictionary just cited defines *universe* as "the totality of astronomical


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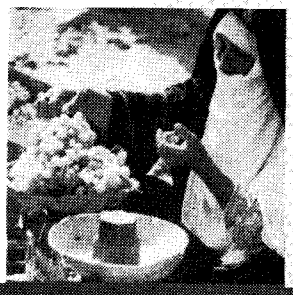

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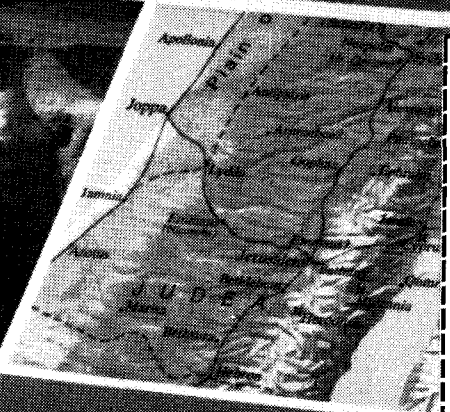

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things, events, relations, and energies capable of being described objectively." Yet, in 190 pages, Patrick Moore has produced nothing less than a *Concise Atlas of the Universe* (Rand McNally, $19.95). Neither Kandinsky nor Gris ever painted canvases more strikingly beautiful than this atlas's glorious color photos of Saturn, the Ring Nebula in Lyra, a sunspot group, or Ghana viewed from *Apollo 6*. Studies of the solar system and the stars take up about two-thirds of the atlas proper; but since in our galaxy alone there are an estimated trillion stars, it's indeed a minute fraction of the universe that can be charted. What can be done for the layman is here done well, as the textual exposition and its tables and glossary are admirable.

Coming down to earth, the *McGraw-Hill Encyclopedia of Environmental Science* ($24.50), also edited by Mr. Lapedes and his staff, focuses on "the study of the external conditions that affect and influence life." The scientific conservationists are here in full force, examining the waterways from their pristine sources to their effluent-polluted debouchment onto the continental shelf. The climatologists and meteorologists contribute their knowledge, along with the plant ecologists, the mining engineers, the oil-well experts, and the foresters. A book like this, serving the purposes of reference but also furnishing the groundwork for study, can point the beginning science student in a significant direction.

Non-specialists will find much use for H. S. Fowler's 800-page revision of E. L. Palmer's *Fieldbook of Natural History* (McGraw-Hill, $19.95). Unless there is a caddy at one's disposal, or room can be made in a spacious backpack, this isn't the kind of fieldbook to take along on a walk; so leave it in the car or at home. Though it is not primarily an identification manual, it will answer basic questions about some 2,000 natural objects that one is likely to see indoors or out. About 50 pages take care of the celestial realm and minerals; the remainder are devoted in equal parts to the plant and animal kingdoms. Each entry gives external characteristics, geographical or topographical range, living habits, and many other details, and is accompanied by a drawing. It's a remarkably comprehensive volume.

Among the new specialized reference works in natural history are two on marine life. In her *Fascinating World of the Sea* (Crown, $14.95), Elva D. Sheets, a lay naturalist, writes logically and engagingly about the various classes of sea creatures but concentrates on seashells. S. Peter Dance has adopted a more scientific approach in *The Collector's Encyclopedia of Shells* (McGraw-Hill, $19.95). His is a thorough study of more than 2,000 species, each described in a single concise paragraph, the majority accompanied by a small color photo. The identification key seems foolproof, but the otherwise complete index fails to include the species' common names.

That error is not committed in Bruce Campbell's alphabetically arranged *The Dictionary of Birds in Color* (Viking, $22.50), since the familiar names are cross-referred to the scientific. Above the descriptive paragraph a number sends the reader to one of the thousand striking photos in the color section. The scope is global, as is that of *The World Atlas of Birds*, edited by Sir Peter Markham Scott (Random House, $29.95), which is divided into eight geographical areas for a more leisurely study of just 500 common species, shown in a gallery of beautiful drawings, mostly in color. Highly readable accounts, range maps, illustrated lists of dwindling and


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extinct species, and thumbnail silhouettes help make the book one of the season's most attractive.

BUT IN THE GROUP under review, the palm for beauty must be conferred on *Music of the Western World*, a popular history by Luciano Alberti (Crown, $12.95). Numerous full-page color reproductions of great and not-so-great works of art are among the hundreds of pictures used to illustrate the themes of the text; they include portraits of composers and musicians, scenes from operas, decorative pages of music, and evocative drawings of antique instruments. The musical history itself—beginning with ancient Greece and Rome and reaching to Stockhausen, Hovhaness, and Boulez—neatly fuses biography and theory in an explanatory technique that makes the tone row as comprehensible as a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta, and the transition from polyphony to the baroque style as clear as the birth of jazz.

For those who take their cinema seriously, the *American Film Directory*, edited by Stanley Hochman (Ungar, $18.50), is the first volume in a projected "Library of Film Criticism." Hochman includes men like Murnau and Hitchcock for their American work. Altogether, 65 important directors are anatomized in excerpts from published reviews. Griffith and DeMille ("he had a perfect genius for vulgarity") share the spotlight with Nichols ("a brilliant director of actors"), Kubrick, and Warhol ("an esthetic, moral, and intellectual bankrupt").

Leslie Halliwell has brought out a big new edition of *The Filmgoer's Companion* (Hill & Wang, $25), a selective encyclopedia containing 10,000 entries—all in one alphabetical sequence. Short plot summaries abound, along with notes on actors, directors, locales, subjects, and techniques—and 600 stills. In *Who Was Who on Screen* (Bowker, $22.50), Evelyn Mack Truitt aims at a *complete* listing of actors and actresses of the past, with *all* their films. (No illustrations, though, and minimum wordage.)

"The order in which a couple goes down the aisle in a movie theater is unimportant," you'll be relieved to learn. Should visiting couples who have been living together "without benefit of matrimony" be put in the same room? "The bride may choose any style of clothing she likes, but . . . the sight of calloused, smudged toes is simply not attractive." How to eat grapes, how an unwed mother announces a birth, when to introduce a teenager to alcohol, where to draw the line on phone calls, advice for college weekends—all the relaxed rules, along with the most useful traditions of the past—are gracefully promulgated in *The New Emily Post's Etiquette* as nineteen-seventified by Elizabeth L. Post (Funk & Wagnalls, $11.95).

Perennially useful for "lit" majors, *The Reader's Adviser*, edited by Sarah L. Prakken (R. R. Bowker, $23.50), has now reached its twelfth edition. Volume I is ready, covering American and British non-dramatic literature. In chronological order from Anglo-Saxon times to Colin Wilson and Philip Roth, each author is characterized in pleasant biographical and critical notes, and his or her books are listed with publishing data. The volume's 800 pages have on tap an incredible supply of carefully selected literary information.

Just a fraction of that coverage is the aim of *American Fiction, 1900–1950* by James Woodress (Gale Research Company, $18), who limits his study to 44 authors as diverse as Raymond Chandler, Henry Miller, Gertrude Stein, and Booth Tarkington. Students and critics will find data here on published material and on manuscripts, plus evaluations of biographies and critiques.

Probably the most practical of all style manuals is *Words Into Type* (Prentice-Hall, $12.95), now in a revised third edition. Grammar and spelling have their rightful place here, but the emphasis is on the preparation of readable, correct copy, on the proper choice of words too often confused, and on typographic style. A boon for professionals, it's an education for neophytes.

The Israeli publishers of the 16-volume *Encyclopaedia Judaica* of 1972 have produced an updated 720-page condensation, the *Encyclopedic Dictionary of Judaica*, edited by Geoffrey Wigoder (Leon Amiel, $29.25), fully illustrated, and correspondingly equipped with maps and charts to clarify its more than 15,000 entries of international scope. These include biographies of non-Jews connected with Jewish culture and history; biblical places, people, and events; artifacts and other objects relating to Judaism; aspects of the religion and the Hebrew language; figures in politics, sports, and the humanities. It lacks its parent publication's articles on such broad topics as art and music, but has the advantage of placing a vast range of information at one's fingertips. □

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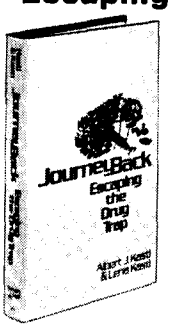


Albert J. Kastl and Lena Kastl

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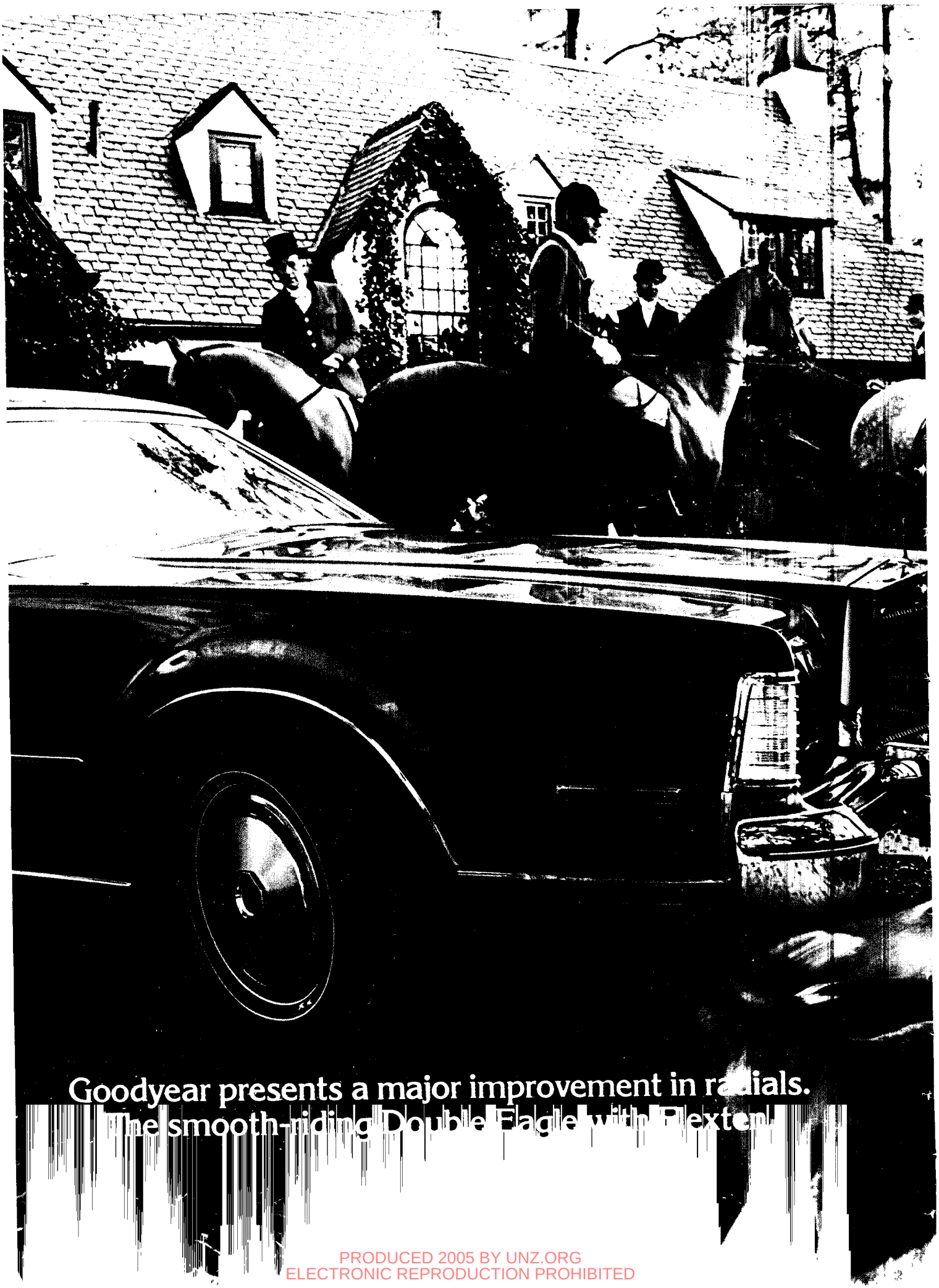


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# Death of a Pioneer

**A Death With Dignity: When the Chinese Came**
*by Lois Wheeler Snow*
*Random House, 148 pp., $6.95*

Reviewed by E. Grey Dimond, M.D.

Edgar Snow died of cancer in 1972, but he had figuratively been done to death years earlier by the House Un-American Activities Committee. His sin was that as a topflight correspondent for American publications he had—from the Thirties onward—written sympathetic firsthand reports on the growing Chinese Communist movement (notably, his classic *Red Star Over China,* in 1938). No matter that he was not a Communist, that he had in fact written lyrically of the United States and its institutions. By the for-us-or-agin-us standards of the Cold War, Snow stood condemned as "one of them."

The result was that Snow was blacklisted and for several decades had to scrape along painfully on freelance sales to foreign journals. Meanwhile, he steadfastly kept in friendly touch with the Chinese revolution, whose leaders he knew from his years of intermittent residence in Asia. Ironically, when Snow died while abroad in 1972, he was buried in Switzerland at almost the very moment of President Nixon's triumphant arrival in Shanghai.

In her moving book, Lois Snow writes unflinchingly about her husband's encounter with cancer, and about the hostility shown the sick man by U.S. officials, some of whom were at the same time secretly cozying up to Snow's friends among Red China's leaders.

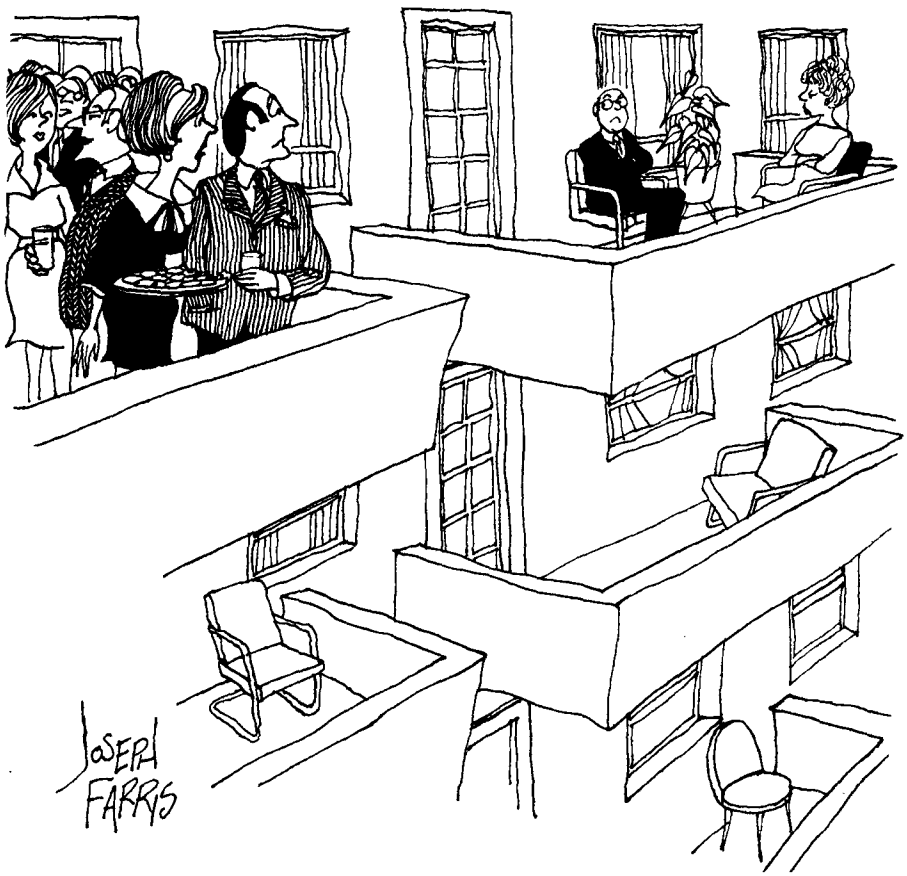
Snow's ordeal was made even more distressing by his experiences as a cancer patient in various Western hospitals. To their dismay, the Snows found these hospitals cold and unfeeling—medicines being administered without explanation and brusque doctors in too much of a hurry to answer civil questions.

With the sad truth of the situation heavy upon her, Lois Snow sought help where she could find it. On her behalf, I wrote to President Nixon, made clear the circumstances, and suggested that it would be a major act of justice and conciliation if, as a President preparing to reverse his country's policy toward the People's Republic of China, he reached out personally, brought Snow home, and sent him to the National Institutes of Health. The President's sole response was a letter to Snow, expressing regrets and wishing a speedy recovery.

At about the same time, Lois Snow contacted Dr. George Hatem, an American physician resident in Peking, and asked if there was any special treatment, herb, chemotherapy, or surgery that he would recommend. Hatem and I consulted by telephone and agreed that in neither East nor West was there a means of arresting Edgar's illness. We both felt keenly that just giving him the bad news was not a sufficient answer to an old friend who needed help. And this feeling gave rise to events that were to form the background for this book.

When the Chinese learned of Snow's plight, they sent an entire health team to Switzerland, their intention being to take him and his family to Peking for care. Then, when the medical team realized it was too late to move him, they settled down in the Snow home and provided complete loving care through to the end. The Chinese quietly took on all the exhausting and needed details of nursing, bed-making, special foods, injections, medications, and other assistance—and provided deliberate, gentle company for the exhausted wife.

THE BOOK'S MESSAGE is just this—that the end for Edgar Snow was not made less inevitable, but that when the Chinese came, a calm and powerful strength came into the Snow home, and the dignity of the dying man was re-established and preserved to the end. Lois Snow asks if the health-care system of the West has lost the elemental human touch. The extra time to explain, the special attention to comfort, to solicitude, to solace, to humanism, to completeness, magnified when overlooked or ineptly done for both patient and family—these all came into the Snow home when the




*"Oh, dear, we forgot to invite the Woods."*

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*Cardiologist E. Grey Dimond played a key role in developing the original medical exchanges between the United States and China. His book,* More Than Herbs and Acupuncture, *recounts his experiences with China and its medical system.*



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Chinese came. And a grateful, unforgetting widow has told this story in absorbing fashion.

The reader will have misinterpreted my comments if he or she gathers that this book is a story about the inhumanness of capitalism as compared with the warm, full soul of communism. This is, rather, the personal story of Lois and Edgar Snow and how they shared living, loving—and dying. For Lois Snow, the writing of this book, the putting down on paper of each painful step, was perhaps, in a true sense, therapeutic. Others reading *A Death With Dignity* will gain strength from it and an understanding of why I consider the fundamental story to be that of a woman's suffering through to the end of her loved one's life. Above all, this book is a heartfelt depiction of the very real psychological state of bereavement and of the way one brave woman took her first steps toward recovery. □

# New Books

### W. H. Auden: A Tribute

*Edited by Stephen Spender*
*Macmillan, 255 pp., $14.95*

Though none of those contributing to this tribute saw Wystan Auden in quite the same way, there is still a striking consistency to the portrait that emerges. The memoirs span the years from Auden's school days to his death, in 1973, and the list of those who contribute is long: Spender, Christopher Isherwood, Golo Mann, Cyril Connolly, to name a few. Reportorial, without the thickness and authority of official biography, the collection succeeds in doing what biographies do very rarely, and that is to make personality manifest. The imprint of Auden's personality is everywhere palpable, for most of these recollections are concentrated on a specific moment. By means of these concentrations the focus holds; the light is sharp on a corner of Auden's life, and the cumulative effect of those lit corners is as close to the rendering of personality as one is likely to get outside of the poetry itself.

•

### Other People's Lives

*by Johanna Kaplan*
*Knopf, 205 pp., $6.95*

The characters in Johanna Kaplan's stories are for the most part sour, secre-

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tive children. Indeed, by the time one has encountered the fourth of these protagonists it appears as though one might soon tire of all the witty complaint that issues from them. But in truth, one doesn't. Miss Kaplan has an impeccable ear—an instrument that makes up for a great deal and carries the reader past the problems created by a narrow psychic landscape. The title story is a case in point. It is a long virtuoso performance, one whose power derives not only from wit and mimicry but from a structure of memorable portraits. Reading "Other People's Lives," one says, Yes, that is the way some people talk, and the way they talk is the way they are. Not all the stories are up to "Other People's Lives" or "Sour or Suntanned"; "Dragon Lady," a tale set in Vietnam, is perhaps the weakest of the lot, with a voice somewhat too arch—an uncomfortable mixture of New York and Vietnam. Still, that is not a very serious charge to make against one small story in a group so accomplished as this.

•

## Love Letters on Blue Paper

*by Arnold Wesker*
*Harper and Row, 192 pp., $7.95*

English playwright Arnold Wesker has moved from plays to short stories with happy results. Doubtless, one of the reasons for his success is the fact that he has an inherent respect for his characters, when he is not outright in love with them. He commits himself wholeheartedly to their vision of things, refusing them nothing, permitting them to believe in themselves and their lives, to scream at death, to yearn for victories of whatever sort—even when the victory belongs to an elderly woman whose dreams of selfhood center on winning money in the football pools. Few writers of fiction nowadays are so fearlessly generous as Wesker is with his characters (the most successful of whom are old East End types), and the result is a collection of stories of stunning dramatic power.

•

## The Years of MacArthur, Vol. II: 1941–1945

*by D. Clayton James*
*Houghton Mifflin, 810 pp., $15*

This highly readable biography yields a balanced, briskly lucid portrait of MacArthur even though it's sometimes buried in a meticulously detailed account of the Pacific war during World War II. For all his showmanship, his propensity for grabbing publicity, his displays of autocratic temperament, MacArthur was, this portrait shows, a hero at a time when Americans needed a hero, a man whose self-confidence and bearing could seem to turn defeat into victory. Not the least fascinating section is the account of the way in which MacArthur's escape from Corregidor was converted into an act of heroism by newsmen and politicians in America. He was showered with medals and publicity, and his name was put forth as a likely Presidential candidate, largely because the public had come to believe that all this time the allied forces under MacArthur had been holding out against overwhelmingly superior enemy odds. But the Japanese forces were not superior but equal in combat strength, the military historian D. Clayton James observes, in the no-nonsense vein that runs so reassuringly through this work. A portrait bent in its quiet way on myth-shattering, it succeeds.

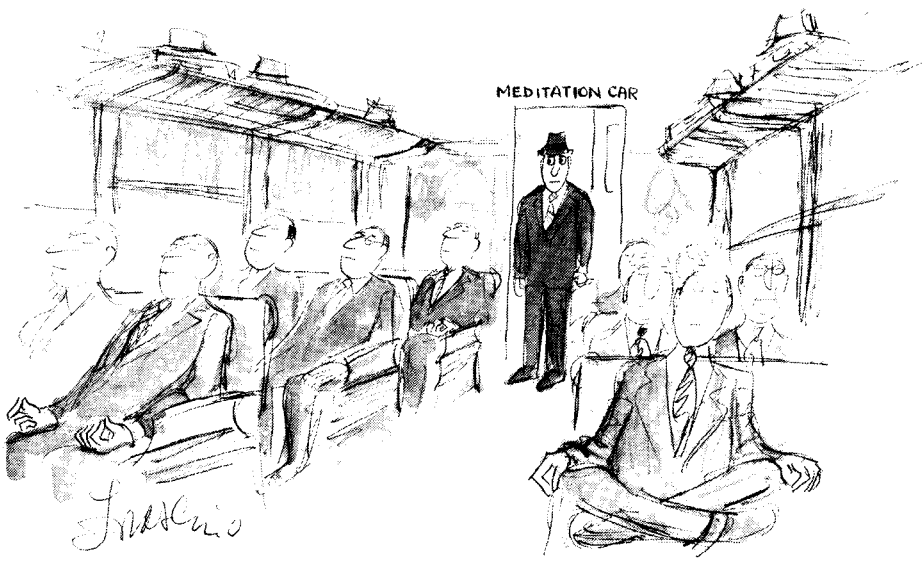
•

## The War Against the Jews: 1933–1945

*by Lucy S. Dawidowicz*
*Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 576 pp., $15*

The Final Solution—according to which the Nazis planned to exterminate every Jew in Europe—was the product of German history, of Christian anti-Semitism, and of the mind of Adolf Hitler, whose obsessive hatred of Jewry was the driving force of his life. He did not kill Jews because he was waging war; he waged war in order to kill Jews. This fact Mrs. Dawidowicz makes abundantly clear in her extraordinary, closely reasoned, dramatic chronicle. With terrible vividness, she shows how the Jews in *Festung Europa*—Hitler's Fortress Europe—responded to the vise that closed around them so inexorably in their ghettos: the daily life, the protective devices, the jokes, the songs that reflected their hope and despair. As history of the period, Mrs. Dawidowicz's achievement is peerless. But it is more than that. She has rendered the last days of a people with a writer's art and fixed before our eyes one last bitter view of the life that was vanquished.

DOROTHY RABINOWITZ




WIT TWISTER NO. 46
Edited by Arthur Swan

*The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 59.*

There had ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ but
half the summer morn
When Pandit Singh, the ___ ___ ___
___ ___ ___ chef, was called
To serve the tribal ___ ___ ___ ___
___ ___, native corn,
To all the ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___,
aged, bent, and bald.
They passed their wooden ___ ___ ___
___ ___ ___, adorned that day
With knots of fresh-plucked ___ ___
___ ___ ___ ___, while slim queues
Of ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___, creased in
___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___, showed,
through the grey
Of ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ drab, their
___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
___ ___ ___ hues.

Contributed by Ernest T. Theimer, Rumson, N.J.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# Trade Winds

by William Cole

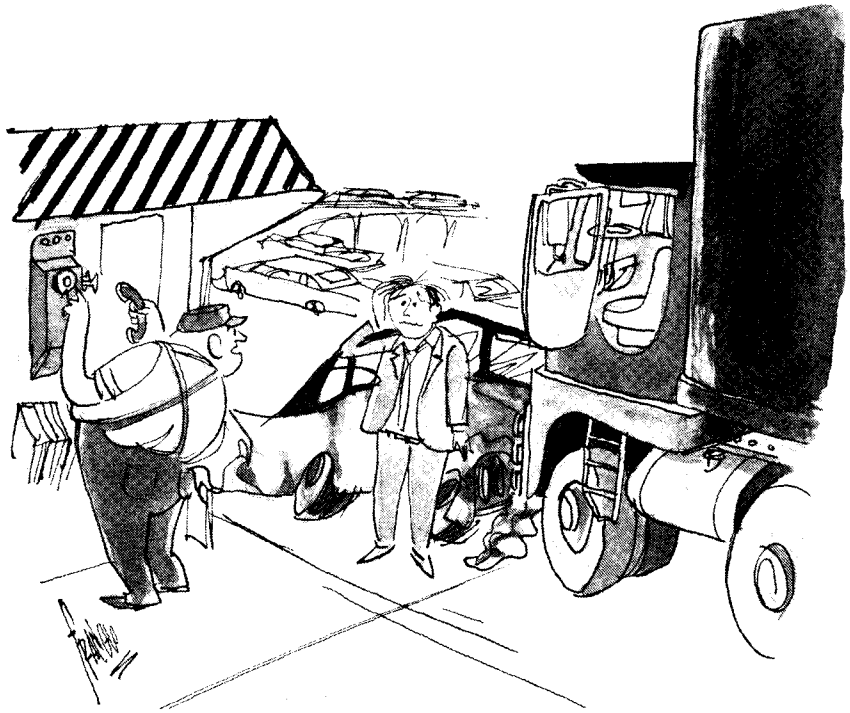
### Orr

Gregory Orr is a young poet who teaches at the University of Michigan. His first book, *Burning the Empty Nests*, created a stir a few years back, and his second reaffirms his position as a poet to keep an eye on. It is *Gathering the Bones Together* (Harper & Row, June 4, $6.95 cloth, $2.95 paper). A bit of explication for the poem below: the waters off the west coast of Ireland are particularly dangerous, and it is a tradition that each family has its own pattern in the sweaters the women knit for the fishermen, so that, when a body is washed ashore after a storm, it can be identified by the sweater. I assume that is what this short poem, "The Sweater," refers to:

> I will lose you. It is written
> into this poem the way
> the fisherman's wife knits
> his death into the sweater.

### A Wild-Streak Traditionalist

Where novels are concerned, I'm a traditionalist with an occasional wild streak. I mean, most of the time I like to know what's going on. I admire *Ulysses* but am bored by *Finnegans Wake*. But I enjoyed *98.6*, by Ronald Sukenick, a young experimental writer I've always admired. A temperature of 98.6 is normal, which this book certainly isn't. Takes place in California, here called "Frankenstein." The first part of the book is about the madder and more degenerate aspects of LA; second part, life on a commune (whose denizens prefer to call it a "settlement"), which I place on the coast near Big Sur; third part, about—I *think*—a kibbutz in Israel. It's a bit hard to keep track of the characters, since they keep changing their names throughout. But Mr. Sukenick is observant, funny, wise, and playful. Driving the freeway: "Christ, it's like getting mixed up in a herd of galloping bison." He speaks of a character as "very Coast." He writes: "The ocean hunches its shoulder and throws itself against the cliffs," and "Her parents chipped in for the shrink but after three years she dropped psychoanalysis not because it did no good but because she didn't want to spend the rest of her life preparing for the rest of her life." The novel is among the second group of four put out by the Fiction Collective, an author cooperative, distributed by Braziller. It will be published May 15 at $7.95 cloth, $3.95 paper, which prices hold good for *Searching for Survivors* by Russell Banks; *The Secret Table* by Mark Mirsky; and *Statements: New Fiction*, written and edited by the Fiction Collective authors.



*"I only have a dime; who should I call first, your doctor, your mechanic, your insurance agent, or Ralph Nader?"*

### Cheap Shots

Honor Tracy is English-born, but now a citizen of Ireland, where she fouls her nest. Her earlier *The Straight and Narrow Path*, about small-town life, was overrated, and I fear that her new novel, *In a Year of Grace* (Random House, June 4, $6.95), will be too. Like P. G. Wodehouse, she writes light, well-constructed, intricately plotted books—but without humor. No laugh-out-louds. Her attempts at humor are just cheap shots at the Irish. The scene is Dublin. The characters are a drunken government minister, his social-climbing old-country wife, their opportunistic daughter, her opportunistic fiancé, and assorted drunks and dullards. I couldn't find a quote worth repeating.

### Miscellany

Here are some books I enjoyed, specialized though they may be. If you have an English friend of mature age, he'll go for *Best Music Hall and Variety Songs*, compiled by Peter Gammond (Plays, Inc., $14.95). Words and melody lines of hundreds of extremely obscure songs. There's a new enlarged edition of the basic *Princeton Encyclopedia of Poetry and Poetics*, edited by Alex Preminger (Princeton University Press, $27.50 cloth, $7.95 paper). A must for libraries. And a fascinating *olla podrida* of country matters, *Bridge Hampton Works and Days* (Vintage Books, $4.95 paper). Gardening, preserving, bird lore, recipes from the eastern Long Island area.

### Pope Hennessy

*Robert Louis Stevenson* by James Pope Hennessy (Simon & Schuster, May 19, $9.95) is a reasonably short, quite chatty, never tiresome biography of that admirable man who was generous, imaginative, adventurous, and plagued by extraordinary ill health all his life. I was struck by an oddity of peculiarly English usage throughout. Early on, the author refers to his subject as "Louis Stevenson." Later he becomes "Stevenson," and yet later, when I assume the feeling is that they've been properly introduced, he's called "Louis." Offhand, I can think of the English referring to "Bernard Shaw," "Conan Doyle," and even "Fenimore Cooper." But would we say "Allan Poe," "Harding Davis," "Jean Nathan,"



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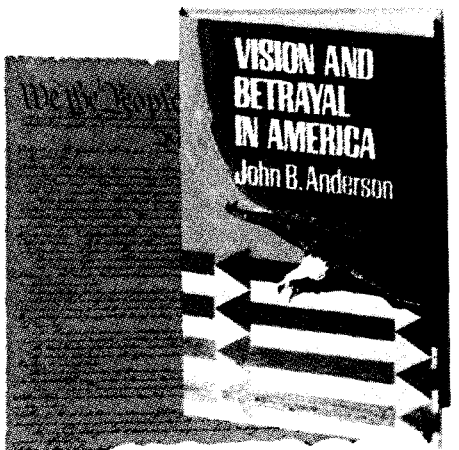
# WHAT IS REALLY HAPPENING TO OUR COUNTRY?

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or, to be silly, "Peter Blatty"? It isn't only Pope Hennessy who does this, but most English writers. What gives?

### Documentary

*Bellevue* by Don Gold (Harper & Row, May 28, $10) is a lively documentary covering five days in that huge New York City hospital. Mr. Gold follows the daily routines of the director and an assortment of 13 doctors, nurses, and technicians. Horrifying and fascinating; you learn a lot about disease and dedication. There is plenty of macabre medical humor: "An 'O' is a patient in bed with his mouth wide open, a 'Q' is a patient with mouth wide open and tongue dangling out." Surgeons are "frequently wrong but never in doubt." Fair chills the blood, but one must admire the hard work and the grinding hours put in by all. As one resident puts it, late in the book:

> The place has a history and a great one. That's number one. It's got size, which means it's got plenty of patients. They come here from everywhere, and most of them don't have a clue about what's bothering them. They're too poor to get help anywhere else, so that makes us important and it makes us responsible. That's fine with me. The place has a mystique, a reputation, a spirit, a sense of pride. Don't believe me. Go out and find some guy who did his residency here years ago and then find another who left three years ago and they'll probably say the same thing. They miss the Goddamned place.
>
> I'm glad to be here, sure. There were plenty of other hospitals in plenty of better neighborhoods. I wanted to be here. At Bellevue, the house staff has medical responsibility. That's important. You don't stand around, like you do at a fancy private hospital, being a flunky. Here, you *do* things. Bellevue is in a mixed socioeconomic area. That means a wide range of cases and problems, often untouched by medical hands before you get yours on them.

### Thirty Years A-Growing

Millen Brand's *Local Lives* will surely be compared to Edgar Lee Masters's *Spoon River Anthology,* a book more dear to my heart than any other, since it was the one that first got me interested in the greatest art of all. Subtitled "Poems About the Pennsylvania Dutch," *Local Lives* (Clarkson Potter, Inc., May 14, $12.50)—30 years in the making—is hundreds of poems in varying lengths and techniques adding up to a moving portrait of a people and a community. It's hard to pick a typical poem—they vary so. But here's "The Two Languages":

> Clarence Reitnauer says,
> "It happens, you know,
> sometimes I'll forget a word in English.
> It just won't come to me.
> I wanted the word for *doppick*
> and it was gone. I had to wait and think
> and then it came—*clumsy*.
> Well, you know it is not really *clumsy*—
> it's *doppick*."

### Modest

Andrei Codrescu is a young Romanian poet now living here and writing in English—his sixth language. I'm not quite sure he deserves an autobiography just yet, but here it is, modestly titled *The Lives and Times of an Involuntary Genius,* just out from Braziller at $7.95. He grew up in various Romanian towns (for a stretch in a Transylvanian castle with an eccentric grandmother), was a nonconforming student in Bucharest but found that he couldn't write what he wanted under the regime, so took off to Rome, Paris, and the States, where he messed around the East Village in New York, thence to Detroit in time for the race riots, and to California, where he now lives with his second wife and their child. In the course of all this he had some really far-out sexual adventures and met unbelievably odd types and revolutionaries.

### Cook a Cayman

You may never need to know, but you'll learn how to cook a cayman—a kind of South American crocodile—in Raymond Sokolov's first novel, *Native Intelligence* (Harper & Row, May 7, $7.95). The author, formerly the tasteful and inventive food columnist for *The New York Times,* has a happy time taking digs at anthropologists and stuffed shirts in an improbable tale of a linguistic genius sent by the Peace Corps to live with a primitive tribe in the imaginary (thank God!) country of Qatab in South America. They speak Xixi, and Sokolov appends a 17-page glossary of that language, which is particularly strong on the letter *q*. Some wise words here and there: "I wish English spelling were more logical. It's embarrassing having to teach it to someone."

### The Greatest

There are some who might argue that George Herriman wasn't the greatest cartoonist ever. I'm not one. Grosset & Dunlap has just released a reissue of *Krazy Kat,* with an introduction by E. E. Cummings and a foreword by Barbara Gelman. Large format, clothbound, $7.95. □



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# artsletter

Prepared in cooperation
with the National Society of Literature
and the Arts.

NSLA SYMPOSIUM. The National Society of Literature and the Arts, in cooperation with Fordham University, is holding a conference on "The Survival of Opera in America and the Crisis at the Met" on May 15. Purpose: to examine the means and options open to America's financially beleaguered opera companies. Moderator is Irving Kolodin; panelists include major participants in American operatic life from both sides of the footlights. The conference is open to the public; questions from the audience are welcomed. The meeting is being held in Fordham Auditorium, Fordham University at Lincoln Center, Columbus Avenue and Sixtieth Street, New York City, 9:30 A.M. to noon.

WORLD WAR II ON THE TABLETOP. This fall the book market will be braving a storm of coffee-table volumes, and one among the many is a large-format, photo-text book entitled WW II, A Chronicle of Soldiering. The text, some 50,000 to 70,000 words, was written by James Jones. Now living in Florida after 14 years' exile in Paris, he says his copy will consist of personal reminiscences of his wartime experience, together with reflections on soldiering and war in general. He gives some emphasis to the demobilized soldier (the theme of his next novel). World War II combat illustrations were chosen by Art Weithas, onetime art editor of Yank, who narrowed 13,000 sketches, drawings, and oil paintings--by U.S., German, and Japanese artists--down to 160 selections, 90 of which will be printed in full color. Grosset & Dunlap has priced the book at $19.95 and scheduled it for an August publication date. Right now, an edition of 50,000 books is planned--a figure likely to go up if (and this is almost a certainty) the volume is taken by a major book club.

SMALL-PRESS BONANZA. Buried in the black headlines of recent weeks was news of the startling distribution by the National Endowment for the Arts of nearly a quarter of a million dollars to 67 small, independent literary presses throughout the United States. The funds will be matched by the presses and will support chapbooks (small volumes) of short fiction and poetry by writers as yet not widely known. Some of the exotically named small presses receiving grants include the Cat's Pajamas in Chicago, Toothpaste Press in West Branch, Iowa, Effie's Books in Berkeley, Barn Dream Press in Boston, Mulch Press in Brooklyn, and Contraband Press, Portland, Maine.

MACMILLAN COMMISSIONS "BOOK MUSICAL." Thanks to Raymond C. Hagel, chairman of Macmillan, the book publisher, playwright Edward Albee is busily at work fashioning a new musical for Broadway. Hagel, a longtime theater buff, had published Vera Brodsky Lawrence's Music for Patriots, Politicians and Presidents, a 200-year history of American patriotic and political song. Why not, Hagel wondered, a theatrical pageant based on the book? He approached Charles Adam Baker, a recently retired agent for William Morris, and asked his opinion. Baker didn't like it; he suggested a book musical, done by a prominent playwright.

From that beginning has burgeoned Macmillan Performing Arts, Inc., a subsidiary that will create projects for the theater and, if all goes well, movies and television, too. The theater stands to gain a good deal: it seldom has the means to commission works from prominent playwrights. Here is where Macmillan steps in, providing seed money for projects that otherwise might never get off the ground. The company's future plans, in addition to the Albee project, include an Arthur Laurents musical, possibly starring Angela Lansbury, and a play to be written by Hugh Wheeler. How does Macmillan benefit? It so happens that the company



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also owns G. Schirmer, Inc., music publishers, and thus gets the rights to scores and sheet music.

If all goes according to plan, the Albee musical will be ready for opening on New Year's Eve, just in the nick of time to bring in the bicentennial year. If the project proves successful, American theater will have been given a decided boost to help along the celebrations.

BICENTENNIAL WORK IN PROGRESS. Among many works commissioned for the 1976 celebrations, add an opera by composer Andrew Imbrie and librettist Oakley M. Hall based on Wallace Stegner's Pulitzer Prize–winning novel, Angle of Repose. The commission--aided by grants from the National Endowment for the Arts--comes from the San Francisco Opera, which plans to give the premiere performance in its 1976 season. Kurt Herbert Adler, general director of San Francisco Opera, points out that "all of the artists involved in this effort--novelist, composer, and librettist--have had a profound influence on the creative life of California." The opera's theme also has a California orientation. Angle of Repose is an account of a young New England woman who marries a restless mining engineer and travels with him throughout the American West of the nineteenth century.

Another Bicentennial offering on the way is a 13-week television series on the Adams family, funded by a series of grants from the National Endowment, Mellon Foundation, Atlantic Richfield Oil, and other benefactors. Titled The Adams Chronicles, the series will chronicle 150 years of American history through the public and private lives of one of the country's most influential families. Thomas Boylston Adams, direct descendant of our second President and currently head of the Massachusetts Historical Society, is assisting on the production. The Adams Chronicles will be broadcast nationally over PBS networks during the 1975–76 season.

150 YEARS IN 3/4 TIME. All Vienna will waltz this year in celebration of Johann Strauss's one hundred fiftieth birthday. Every concert during the Vienna Festival, from May 24 to June 22, will include his music, and many of the city's traditional Musical Summer events will be devoted to the composer. A new production of Die Fledermaus, conducted by Rostropovich, will open May 25 at the historic Theater an der Wien, and the composer's Wiener Blut, Night in Venice, Fanny Elssler, and Cagliostro will be staged in other Vienna theaters. Strauss will be remembered offstage as well as on. A film about the composer will be given a first showing during the festival weeks, Austrian radio and television will tape 400 of his works for broadcast throughout Europe, and an exhibition of scores, instruments, pictures, and manuscripts will be on view in Vienna's city hall. The sesquicentennial events end on October 25, Strauss's birthday, with a ceremony beside his grave.

WHO'S AFRAID? Downtown Baltimore's Center State theater company has shown a good deal of bravado since first taunting Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? Last year, a fire consumed all costumes and equipment, then totally destroyed the company's theater--but halted performances of Who's Afraid for only 12 days. The city of Baltimore, as determined to help the company carry on as the company is to perform, has since joined public and private forces to renovate a nineteenth-century Jesuit high school and college into a 500-seat theater--an estimated $1.7 million project. The city has loaned the theater company $200,000; Jesuits have donated a matching sum; Baltimore banks have loaned $300,000; and the National Endowment for the Arts has come up with a $96,000 commitment. Such devotion to the arts does not go unrewarded. This spring, in its first use of a special "social purpose" fund to aid a performing arts group, the Ford Foundation has completed the rescue with a $750,000 loan. The shows will go on.

ARTSLETTER is prepared in cooperation with the National Society of Literature and the Arts, Suite 302, 1424 16th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.



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# Camera Assignment: Documenting Street Art

by Margaret R. Weiss

The annals of photography are replete with amateurs and professionals who have teamed camera and collector's instinct in pursuit of images related to their hobby or career interests. W. A. Bentley spent many a long Vermont winter documenting the six-pointed snowflake's galaxy of configurations; Crawford Greenewalt periodically left his DuPont executive suite to make classic close-ups of hummingbirds on the wing; Brassaï compiled a latter-day bestiary of Parisian graffiti, and Andreas Feininger painstakingly amassed his photographic Eden of trees.

About 10 years ago Robert Sommer, a professor of psychology at the University of California and a former research associate of the Menninger Foundation, joined the ranks of those single-minded image-collectors. Functioning in the best photo-documentary tradition, he focused on an aspect of the environment that had not previously been explored or exposed on a national scale: street art.

Because "this kind of art has necessarily flowed out into the streets where people live, work, and play," Sommer believes that it is a medium with a special message for the social scientist. Whether in New York or Chicago, Santa Fe or San Francisco, a community-spawned wall painting or construction fence conveys graphic data about its neighborhood enclave. Design elements often reveal the power and persistence of cultural heritage; pervading themes—

*Private home in Santa Fe. N.M. Painted by Los Artes Guadalupanos de Aztlán.*

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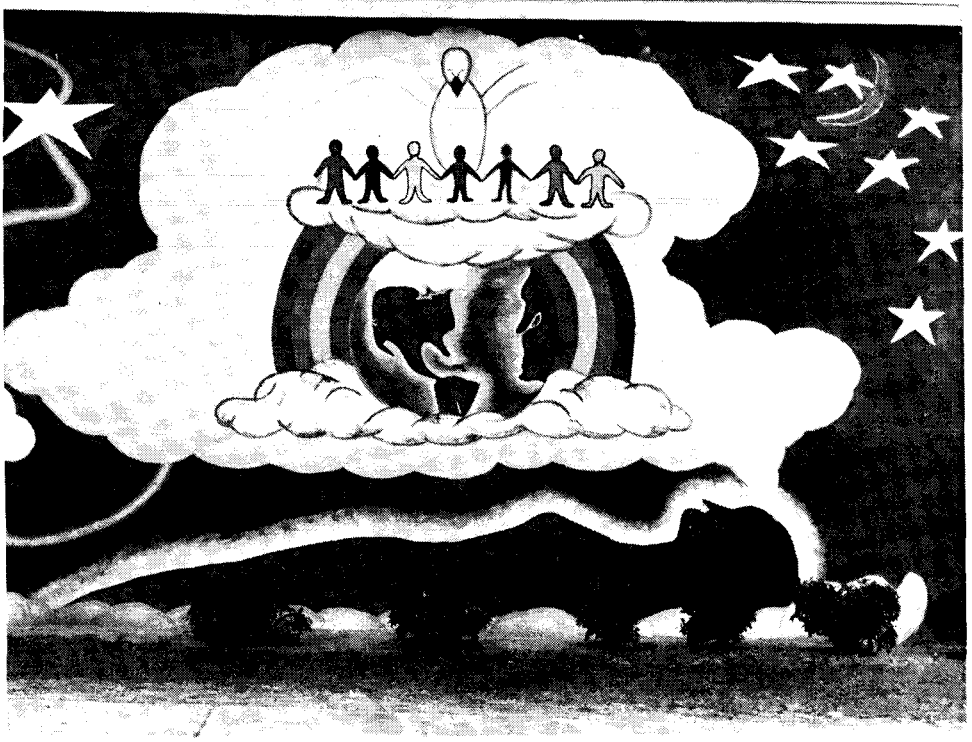

*"Dove of Peace Enfolding People of All Races" (one of 60 murals painted by project residents and local artists). Estrada Courts Housing Project, Los Angeles, 1973.*

sociopolitical, religious, or purely whimsical—may harbor clues to motivations, aspirations, tensions, and hang-ups.

In most instances, Sommer's documentary mission took him to "rundown neighborhoods at some stage of urban renewal, bohemian sections, neglected shorelines, and areas adjacent to college campuses." Theoretically the hallmark of street art is its accessibility; practical experience often proved otherwise. Feelings of territorial invasion still prevail in slum and ghetto areas where picture-taking tourists are not welcome. "One can avoid some hostility," says the roving photographer-psychologist, "by making it obvious that one is photographing a building rather than people. If there are people sitting on a bench in front of a mural, I explain what I am doing so they can move elsewhere if they choose." To date, he has had few hostile confrontations but many occasions for explanation to satisfy the curious, allay the suspicious, deter the kibitzer, and appease the heckler.

There are no studied glamour shots in his color-slide collection; his views are framed in their own environmental context—parked cars, adjacent buildings, passersby, park-bench sitters, litter and all. For the most part, shooting had to be now or never because of the intrinsic impermanence of his subjects. Always open to further improvisation—inevitably short-lived because of wind, rain, vandalism, and the vagaries of the construction industry—street art can enjoy some measure of immortality only by virtue of camera and color film.

While the relationship between artist and photographer is in this instance a symbiotic one, Sommer feels that "there is something exploitive about going into an area and spending minutes photographing work that took months to create." He has elected an unusual way of repaying his debt to local culture: sharing half of the royalties from his book *Street Art* with those neighborhood groups that provided the subjects for his camera. □

Photographs (originals in color) from *Street Art*, by Robert Sommer (Links Books).

◄*"People of Lakewood Together," Chicago (Directed by artist John Weber).*

*"Wall of Choices," painted by a young Chinese member of Cityarts Workshop, New York City.*►

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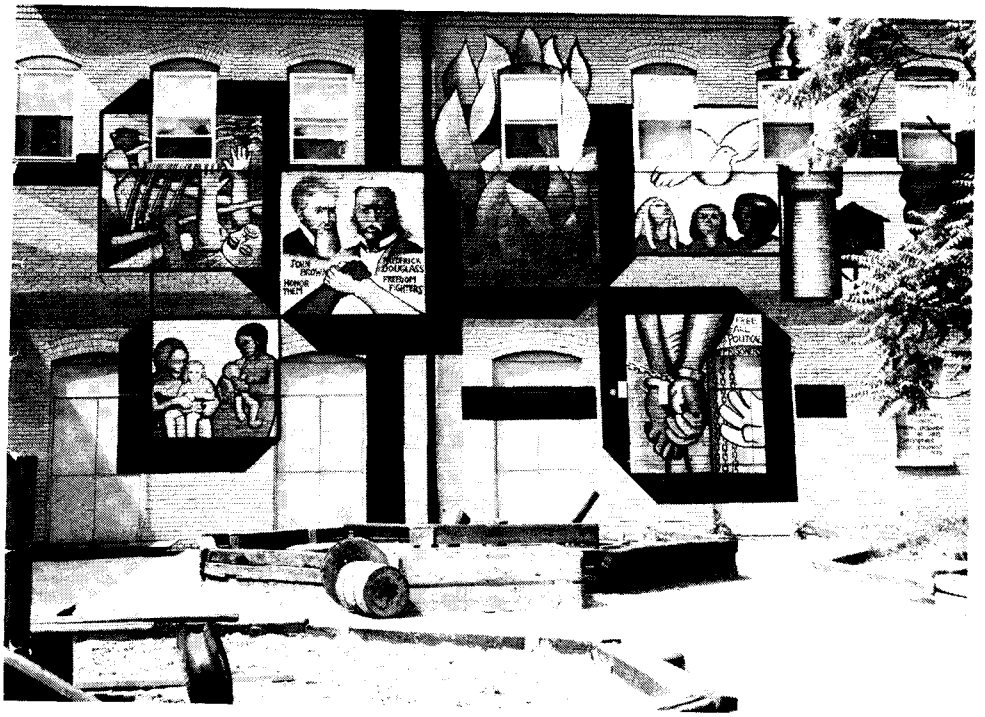
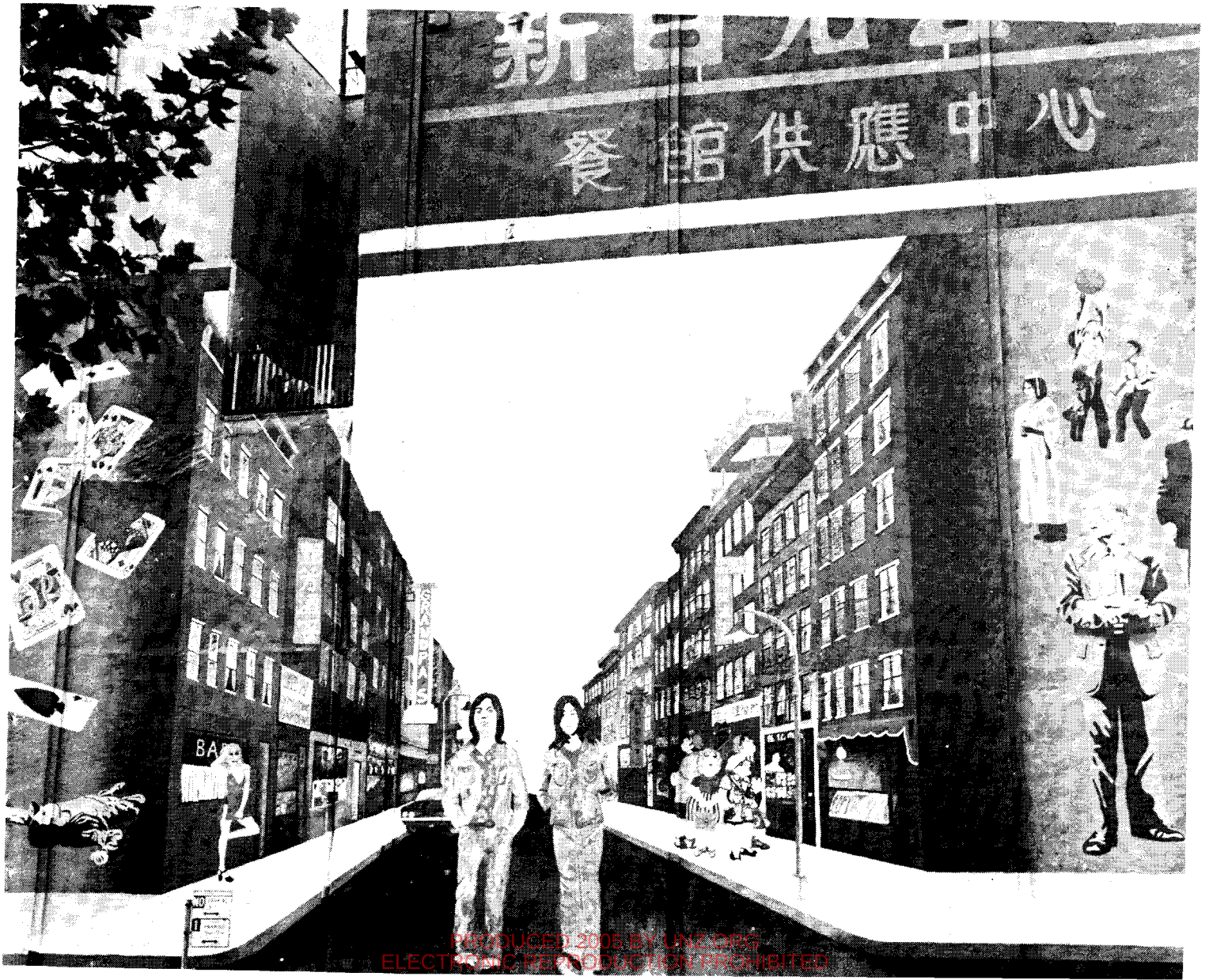


*Detail from "The Wall of Choices."*

*"The Wall of Choices," coordinated by artist John Weber in a Chicago schoolyard, 1970 (Sponsored by Christopher House Settlement).*



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# Hugger-mugger at the Louvre

## Should a great museum bar fake paintings even if they are a delight to the eye?

by Alan Green

Last spring the Louvre canceled its plan to exhibit Pablo Picasso's private art collection, and I've brooded about it now and then ever since. The annulled show consisted not of works by him, but of ones which he had acquired and treasured. The Louvre, it seems, claimed that some of them were fakes—not copies, but works deliberately and artfully created in the styles of celebrated painters, whose names had been spuriously signed to them. There was a clear implication that Picasso had known they were illegitimate and, evidently, had not given a damn. The news reports from Paris were not profound. For instance, they didn't explain why, feeling so deeply about truth in art—as a great museum must—and yet respectful of Picasso's taste—as any curator might reasonably be—the Louvre couldn't have hung them, labeling suspect paintings "probably not by Soutine" (or whomever).

It's pretty widely accepted nowadays that Shakespeare wrote Shakespeare. But suppose he hadn't. Would libraries have to drop from their catalogs—would schools have to cease teaching—*The Tempest, Macbeth,* and the sonnets because one or all of them might have been written by Bacon or Jonson or Marlowe? Is the value of "When to the sessions of sweet silent thought . . ." dependent upon proof of its authorship by a Warwickshire fellow come to London? Or is the question "What's in a name?" (which probably wasn't propounded by the seventeenth Earl of Oxford) appropriate to ask of a Louvre curator who appears to think that roses painted by a poseur couldn't possibly seem to smell as sweet as roses painted by Matisse? Does the poignant majesty of John of Gaunt's dying ode to England depend entirely on proof of authorship?

But some may be thinking that painting demands more assured authenticity than does a line of poetry; that, after all, there's no market for poetic lines or any poetry dealers; that nobody invites people over to admire his newly acquired couplet; that, indeed, no one is even buying poetry as a hedge against inflation. All true. (Of course, there *is* a market for manuscripts and first editions—and ordinarily printed poetry is to them as reproductions of paintings are to originals. But the issue raised by the Louvre curators is between originals, between the genuine and the pretender.) If the value of a painting depends largely on the validity of its signature, aren't we in danger of overvaluing objective proof and undervaluing subjective enjoyment? (Or —a slightly different approach—does the tackle in the red jersey *always* outplay the one in blue ever since he made a deal for $70,000 more a year?)

If there seem to be raised eyebrows in the above, they aren't directed at anyone who knows and wants to own great art. Nor are they raised at one who, not knowing, seeks to gain knowledge and meanwhile wants to be confident that the art he is acquiring is not only something he likes but also something of endorsed value. Eventually he may be able to judge for himself. (The development of literary taste, which begins, say, with *Ferdinand,* continues with *Through the Looking Glass,* and grows to embrace, perhaps, *Ulysses,* may go on to that ultimate peak of artistic adventure: the lonely discovery of a masterpiece-to-be.)

The eyebrows are raised solely at those who give for art only a monetary damn, who recognize only proof and price, whose enjoyment is pride before understanding and love.

When Bernard Berenson said, "This is a true Titian," it meant something. When Pablo Picasso said, "regardless of whose this is, it's a painting I like well enough to own and keep available for my enjoyment," that meant something, too. The

Wide World

*Genuine and faked Picasso—The etching on the left, called* A Frugal Repast, *is*

*Alan Green, who died recently, was a novelist and critic. His last book was* Mother of Her Country.



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Louvre might well honor both statements.

Maybe the cliché should be rewritten: "I know what I like, and therefore I know *something* about art."

Would that then mean that a Venus with a clock in its belly or a stag posed on an overly moonlit hill would automatically become art? Well, perhaps for anyone who thought them so, but certainly not necessarily for anyone else. Unless a monolithic state (as has happened) officially proclaimed them art and insisted on their outward acceptance. And, in such a case, the evil doesn't derive from the destruction of taste but rather from the destruction of freedom.

Sure, some people may teach their children that such a Venus or such a stag is art, and the children may never recover —as they haven't from such other precepts as that nudity is dirty and agnosticism is blasphemous.

Does this argue for the withdrawal of all authority from art instruction? I hope not. Authoritarianism?—yes, withdraw that—but authority, no. Authority that shows (as in schools and museums) what is being considered—and has been considered—art. The Parthenon across the ages. The Albert Memorial in about the same years that we thought McKinley was an entirely admirable President. And those schools and museums can expose students and public to form, balance, harmony, contrast . . . and to all art history and art current.

Maybe the Louvre was exercising an educational responsibility when it refused to hang a fake as, say, a Kandinsky. But mightn't it have been at least as educational to hang the exhibit and to say that Picasso believed in his enjoyment of these pictures even more than in some of their signatures?

NOT LONG AGO we read that there were more proclaimed Rembrandts in collections than Rembrandt could possibly have painted in his lifetime. An effort was made to winnow the genuine from the imitation. But what about all the enjoyment the now non-Rembrandts used to give viewers? Granted the necessity of the expert's purity-preserving function, which is sometimes economic (the value of all Rembrandts is debased by a false oversupply) and sometimes housecleaning (art output continues and museums become overcrowded), what other harm was done while the public accepted and enjoyed "Rembrandts" now established as counterfeit? A debasement of public taste as well? I doubt it—the non-Rembrandts had been good enough to fool experts for generations. Of course they should now be relabeled, but why withdraw them from view? Aren't many museums now displaying genuine paintings by other artists of Rembrandt's era that are less great than ones which for years deceived experts into thinking them Rembrandts? Or does all virtue emanate from the lower-right-hand corner?

We accept the Psalms as David's even though we're told he didn't sing them all. Should we find less solace in, feel less reverence for, the ones we're now told were composed by someone else? And then there were those painters who maintained famous schools whose pupils painted important parts of major canvases that their masters then signed. Only *some* of them are nowadays labeled "from the school of. . . ." The Louvre has one room, I remember, that overflows with overflowing Rubenses, and—the last time I visited it—there had been no screening off of those segments of the paintings to which Rubens had lent only his direction instead of his brush.

None of this is to argue that Parson Weems fables shouldn't be distinguished from Douglas Southall Freeman facts. Or that copyrights shouldn't be protected or plagiarism punished. It is to question whether the eye of the beholder isn't being somewhat downgraded in favor of the stamp of the notary. Certainly it wasn't by Picasso. I think he might have relished something Frank Sullivan once wrote about a document: "This is either a forgery or a damn clever original." □

*genuine and reportedly valued at $100,000. The one on the right is a forgery.*

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 33

*A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle.* *Answer on page 59.*

FXC CJQYBZX ADV JSF YBRC ALZBP, ILF FXCV DIZSYLFCYV YSUC FXC JSBZC BF ADRCZ.

—FXSADZ ICCPXDA



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# Music to My Ears

by Irving Kolodin

J. Heffernan

*Shirley Verrett and Beverly Sills in* L'Assedio—*"A treasury of beautiful invention."*

## Sills and Rossini's "L'Assedio" at the Met

If the Metropolitan Opera stage, toward the end of the season, was looking like La Scala's, the reasons are two: both Beverly Sills and the production of Rossini's *L'Assedio di Corinto* (*The Siege of Corinth*), in which she made her debut at the famous Italian theater in 1969, were appearing on it for the first time. Miss Sills's debut in the house symbolic of American operatic tradition is at least a decade delayed; that she brought with her one of the great serious operas by a composer renowned for his comedies is in the "What-hath-God-wrought" order of miracles associated with Samuel Morse.

What Miss Sills has wrought with her less-than-great vocal endowment is deserving of unstinted praise from anyone even mildly interested in music. Her achievement has been characterized, over the years, by the kind of persistence that belonged to the spider which inspired King Bruce to go back and fight another day, and by the faith that moves mountains. She has evolved, over not merely years but decades, a command of vocal technique that reduces complexities to child's play. But the long period of evolution and the final, frustrating period of discrimination have brought her to this point of greatest prominence with a sound that is pale and insubstantial when she is performing the kind of sustained music that is child's play to others.

In this remarkable work by Rossini (not seen on a New York stage for decades and never before at the Metropolitan), Miss Sills is indefatigably, artistically, and musically in control of all the difficulties Rossini wrote into the part of Pamira (and, one suspects, a few that were ordered up for the occasion). She has, indeed, the stamina and the spirit to have in reserve, after three hours of singing, a staunch high E, as a literal last gasp. But this is, for all its phenomenal fluency, only half the challenge posed to Pamira.

In the tradition of the time, Pamira was written for a female voice with brilliance and bravura, agility and power. The purpose of Rossini's writing was not merely to engage the ear with feats of virtuosity, but to engage the heart and mind with eloquent, throbbing statements of character and emotion. Miss Sills sets audiences ablaze with the confidence and ease with which she does those things in the area of her specialty—staccati, runs, sudden lunges at high notes. For the quieter stretches and more dramatic aspects of the part—especially as the work moves toward its tragically foreordained ending of the Grecian women choosing death over servitude under the Turkish conqueror—Miss Sills lacks the weight of sound or the sheer richness of quality to match the needs of Rossini's writing.

By contrast, her younger American colleague Shirley Verrett has built her sound into the means for a total embodiment of Neocle. This is the part of the Greek warrior (written for a woman, according to a custom of early-nineteenth-century Italian opera) who begins the evening's action as the second choice of Pamira to be the ruling interest of her heart. But when those two operatic indispensables *padre* and *patria* ("father" and "country") transcend Pamira's attachment to a man she has discovered to be an enemy of both, it is Neocle who shares her final heartbreak.

Miss Verrett not only runs the full range of Rossini's obstacle course with dash, spirit, and fine command of a warm, vibrant sound but has also learned to suggest a man's posture and action better than any other singer since Risë Stevens (whose advice was invoked and generously tendered). Perhaps the richest moment of the performance came in act 2, when Rossini has the two women singing together in thirds and sixths. He liked the effect so well he did it again in act 3, where it rivaled memories of the best singing of the Norma-Adalgisa duet in *Norma* (which Bellini didn't write until *10 years* later.)

This introduction to *L'Assedio* (as it is familiarly known), though belated, is probably the fullest perspective that has ever been heard of the kind of music Rossini was writing in the 1820s. This is because Thomas Schippers (whose conducting was his career's high for verve and musicianship) has culled music Rossini wrote for *four* different versions of the basic story, and restored some not performed during the composer's lifetime. Thus, a score for the Paris version of 1826 served me about as well as the Old Testament would a Bible student without the New Testament.

From the overture to the final double



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bar, it is a treasury of beautiful invention, ingenious variations of Rossini's own inimitable formulas, and nobility of sentiment unimaginable to those whose acquaintance with his work is restricted to *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* or *L'Italiana in Algeri*. As it was one of the most popular works of the Italian stage between 1825 and 1875, it is understandable why every successor, from Bellini to Verdi and beyond, has found it a thesaurus of procedure and a blueprint for operatic construction.

Dramatically, it is almost contemporary in its subject matter: the Greeks and Turks at war, with the Turks holding the upper hand. The scene, however, is Corinth, not Cyprus, with Pamira, daughter of its governor, bound, by a prior meeting, to a man she discovers to be Maometto II, King of the invading Turks. A good deal of it has the flavor of *Aïda* inverted, or perhaps it should be said that the central situation was revived when Verdi came to write *Aïda* in the 1870s. Even the final scenes have a likeness, with the Greek women prepared to die in the catacombs of Corinth, as Aïda and Radamès die in the vault under the temple of Vulcan in Memphis.

For the male side of the cast, there were no singers with the specialized aptitudes of Sills and Verrett; there were, rather, earnest men with heavy burdens to bear. Harry Theyard, as Pamira's father, survived with dignity, if not distinction, a role whose trumpeting music is heavy for his clarinet-like voice; Justino Díaz, as Pamira's Turkish delight, has everything to his vocal and dramatic credit save a command of its occasionally florid music and the personality to bring the part alive; but either Richard T. Gill or James Morris, as Jero, keeper of the catacombs, does splendidly by the martial air in act 3 that rallies the Greeks to make themselves worthy of the heroes of Thermopylae and Marathon. Betsy Norden performed charmingly the little air for Ismene (Pamira's friend) in act 2.

For spaciousness and sweep, the Metropolitan audience has seen few productions to rival the enormously decorative scenery, derived by Nicola Benois from his La Scala conception. It has somber height and depth in the Corinthian interiors (act 1, scene 1, and act 3), with violently colorful contrast in the two scenes to the Turkish taste. Indeed, such a scene as the towering tent in which Maometto tempts Pamira to a marriage she no longer desires (at La Scala the scene was played on a ship) deserved more creative direction than was provided by Sandro Sequi, also of La Scala. Economy note: at a late point of preparation, it was decided that the men of the chorus could wear the same boots that were used in *Boris*. May they wear them out in service to both these noble projects!

Fred Fehl

*Dominic Cossa and Carol Neblett in* Die Tote Stadt—*"A curio in opera lore."*

OF OTHER RECENT compositional innovations, two bore the familiar brand names of Erich Wolfgang Korngold and Alberto Ginastera; another, that of a newer, highly promising music-maker. When last represented in a New York concert hall by portions of his first symphony, in 1968, Oliver Knussen (the *K* is silent, the *u* as in *must*) was 15. His "Choral," performed by the American Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Michael Tilson Thomas, shows Knussen, at 22, steadily on course as a composer more concerned with substance than manner, always a welcome exception to the norm. The 15-minute "Choral" (an allusion to the scoring primarily for the wind choir, minus strings, as well as to the chorale-like procedure) has the character of a dirge that moves by the slowest of measured treads to a powerful, throbbing climax. On an evening that offered, otherwise, the Second Symphony of Mahler, Thomas showed a true conductor's command of the baton in marking accurately, and compellingly, the grinding subdivisions of pace in "Choral."

Ginastera's new "Turbae" is a vast projection of the Passion (according not only to such musical predecessors as Matthew, John, and Luke, but also Mark) created for the hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Mendelssohn Club of Philadelphia in 1875. It is described as a "Passionem Gregorianam," which alludes to its use not only of modes but also of three Gregorian singers: Evangelist (tenor), Jesus (bass-baritone), and Synagoga (combining the words of Judas, Pilate, and others, baritone). It is a canvas drawn to a mural-sized scale with great care and a loving hand. However, its tonal values tend to aural grays and tans, with contrast further inhibited by the chanting of the three soloists. It is, in short, less a work for the concert hall than for some special ceremonial in a great cathedral. It was performed as part of a Philadelphia Orchestra concert in Avery Fisher Hall, with the Mendelssohn Club under the direction of its conductor, Robert Page.

THE NEW YORK CITY OPERA'S final new production will be remembered longer for the visual craft and scenic skill with which it is decorated by Ronald Chase and Frank Corsaro than for the subject on which it was lavished, Erich W. Korngold's *Die Tote Stadt*. A long-standing curio in opera lore, because of its neglect despite one exquisite aria ("Marietta's Lied") and one attractive character piece ("Pierrot's Serenade"), it proves, on acquaintance, to be otherwise of limited melodic appeal and very slow in exposition of its chosen subject: the one about a man who falls asleep and dreams that he has murdered a woman who has been preying on his mind. His "dream" takes him a good deal about Bruges (the "dead city" of the title), where the inaction takes place, and this allows Chase, an innovator in the use of filmed "scenery," to provide a veritable travelogue of its scenic beauties. Indeed, one is sometimes confused about whether the music is illustrating film values (as Korngold did later in such Hollywood successes as *Juarez, Captain Blood, Of Human Bondage, Robin Hood*) or the film is illustrating the score of an opera.

John Alexander, as the dreamer, did polished vocal and visual justice to a dubiously dramatic role, and Carol Neblett, who has all the physical attributes as well as the developing voice for the role of the temptress (Marietta) made famous by Maria Jeritza, has a way to go before getting it all together. Diane Curry was outstandingly good, in voice and demeanor, as Paul's (the dreamer's) housekeeper. The performance, conducted in a most leisurely way by Imre Pallo, could have used some of the dramatic input of that great specialist of Korngold recordings, Charles ("Chuck") Gerhardt. □



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# Seeing Things

by Hollis Alpert

## Etched in Acid

It's a little surprising that John Schlesinger, who is in the top group of accomplished directors, should have managed to make only seven films during the past 14 years. One reason for the relative scarcity of his work is the difficulty of the assignments he takes on; it isn't only the making—he must convince the studio powers of their commercial feasibility. Two—*Darling* and *Midnight Cowboy*—were large-scale successes and resulted in showers of Academy Awards. An excellent rendering of Thomas Hardy's *Far From the Madding Crowd* couldn't find enough patronage to pay its way, and the critically praised *Sunday Bloody Sunday* also failed. For the past four years he has been struggling with producer Jerome Hellman and screenwriter Waldo Salt to film Nathanael West's *The Day of the Locust*. The effort was major; the result certainly worthwhile. I saw it twice. A little shaken at first viewing, by the harsh, almost brutal treatment of the late-Thirties Hollywood milieu, I returned to see it a second time in tranquility, and it proved to be even better than I had at first thought.

FOR MORE THAN 20 YEARS, various producers, directors, and writers had attempted to get backing for a film version of the novel. I mention this only to show the problems connected with bringing a serious work to the screen. Schlesinger had originally arranged with Warner Brothers to do the film, but only weeks before pre-production was due to begin, the studio backed out. Finally, Schlesinger persuaded Paramount to provide most of the necessary financing. Look at it from the company point of view. Here is a work, harsh, uncompromising, a kind of frontal assault on just those tacky dreams and wish-fulfillments the Hollywood industry has traditionally fattened itself on. Satires on Hollywood have been made before, but none so mordant as this. The hesitations came about because of the doubts that audiences would support the project. Add to this the fact that Schlesinger is a consummate craftsman, and such care and attention to detail as he exercises is bound to be costly. His *The Day of the Locust,* in fact, cost more than $6 million. For that kind of money you can get a sure-fire disaster movie, perhaps starring Steve McQueen or Burt Reynolds.

There are ironies that are involved here. West, who died in a car crash at the age of 37, wrote four novels. His total income from all four came to $1,200. Contrast that sum with what was required to bring this one book to the screen. It was only after his death that he came to be recognized as a major novelist, with *The Day of the Locust* in particular gaining ever more critical esteem. Just prior to the production of *The Day of the Locust,* Paramount had taken a critical bath from its lavishly overproduced version of another modern classic, *The Great Gatsby*. Yet, Frank Yablans, then the president of the company, threw his backing behind Schlesinger. More irony: Yablans, shortly thereafter, was deposed. And now the *new* regime has taken on another wandering classic—Fitzgerald's *The Last Tycoon*. Apparently there is still some soul left in that supposedly heartless land of sun and swimming pools.

There are four major figures in the West novel, and if there is to be controversy over how the film has come out, it will probably revolve around the choices for the roles, with Karen Black, as the nubile, empty-headed dress extra and sometime prostitute, the cause of most of the argument. Faye Greener was only 17 in the novel, and how do you cast an actress near that age for a part demanding a skilled actress? The compromise made was to increase Faye's age by several years. One reason I went back a second time was to get a better handle on Ms. Black's performance. I wasn't sure she had got it right. But on second viewing she convinced me. It is a carefully modulated portrait of a soulless young woman, pitiless and yet pitifully attracted to the bogus glamour of the world around her. "I could never fall in love with anyone but a rich man," she confesses to her most ardent pursuer, young Tod Hackett.

The choice for Tod, a relative newcomer, was William Atherton. Because Faye's role dominates, and because the blondined Ms. Black is always slightly and appropriately overdone in her costuming, Atherton tends to seem a little colorless. And yet, as the quiet moral observer of the grotesques who inhabit the seedy apartments of the San Bernardino Arms, he is appropriate, on the inside and outside at the same time. He is an artist, a Yale graduate, hired as a draftsman by a major studio, quite clearly identified as Paramount.

Subdued, too, is Donald Sutherland as the lonely, middle-aged bookkeeper from the Midwest, who provides bed and board for Faye, but is denied the privilege of her bed. Again, second sight, so to speak, substantiates the refinement of his performance. I hesitate to suggest the film should be seen twice, especially with the cost of tickets these depressed and inflated days, but Schlesinger's touch is so subtle in so many of the scenes that

*Karen Black—"A carefully modulated portrait of a soulless young woman."*



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pleasure can be taken in his craft alone. Again, there may be quarreling over whether Sutherland is "right" for Homer Simpson. He has to play him considerably older than his own age, and far less good-looking, but I found him convincing. For Faye's alcoholic, former vaudevillian father, Burgess Meredith is just right, and he turns in a sadly delightful piece of acting.

IT IS IN THE AREA of performance that Schlesinger's direction impresses most. Minor characters, too, are finely shaded. Geraldine Page as the evangelist, Big Sister (not in West's original gallery of monstrosities), provides a shattering cameo of fervently phony religiosity—and the scene itself is a kind of electrifying and horrifying set piece, too terrible to be really funny, one more of the grotesqueries encountered by Tod. Abe, the pugnacious dwarf, is vividly played by Billy Barty, and Richard A. Dysart's portrait of a smoothly cynical art director is another gem of acting, so beautifully done that one almost doesn't see him doing it. There are more in the gallery, and if anyone has doubts about the amount of talent available in the Hollywood pool, let him see this film. While, in a sense, destroying Hollywood (at least pre–World War II Hollywood), Schlesinger puts it handsomely on display.

I have some doubts and qualms, though. Now and then, Schlesinger unaccountably jars the mood and atmosphere (again beautifully captured and detailed) with some visual trickery and effects that aren't in the least needed. And that final *Götterdämmerung* during a gala Hollywood premiere, which turns into an orgy of riot, fire, and bloodshed, didn't work for me, in spite of a million dollars lavished upon it. The fiery scene attempts to mingle reality with Tod's vision of apocalypse, and the entire finale seems both contrived and forced. When he is dealing with his strange assortment of characters, Schlesinger is masterful; with his visual effects and spectacle he is less satisfying. It all adds up in the mind, though, as a view of a place and time seen as monstrous and decayed, more so than any other painted by the several films that have taken their place of origin to task. Why so? Is the industry merely feeding once again on the carcass of its past? I think I can guess Schlesinger's reply. The film, like the book, is meant to stand as a metaphor of the American dream of fame, glory, and riches soured into nightmare. □

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## DANCE: CAPSULE COMMENTS

Twyla Tharp, the *multi-garde* choreographer who cheerfully mixes classical ballet with the sounds of the Beach Boys, live graffiti displays, verbal snarls such as "shut up!," and her own loose-limbed brand of modern-dance freneticisms has become a favorite choreographer with the **City Center Joffrey Ballet.** Her *Deuce Coupe II*, a highlight of the Joffrey spring season at the City Center 55th Street Theater in New York, is a descendant of her enormously successful *Deuce Coupe*, created in 1973 for a cast composed of Joffrey and Tharp dancers. For 1975, the Tharps were out and the choreographer reworked the piece for exclusively ballet personnel. At the first performance of *Deuce Coupe II*, many of us were disappointed, for the fun of violently contrasted movement styles was gone, and the kids who had painted a sort of roller-towel strip of graffiti were also missing.

Miss Tharp set to work and, as the four-week season progressed, *Deuce Coupe II* advanced with it. By the last performance—very possibly *Deuce Coupe VI*—the work had emerged as something ballet dancers could do while retaining a Tharp imprint. The result was a compact dance piece with a definite style about it, much antic play, a touch or two of poignancy, and first-class Tharp.

The Joffrey company also provided its public with a new production (the first in America) of Kurt Jooss's historic (1932) *The Big City* and the late John Cranko's comedy delight, Stravinsky's *Jeu de Cartes*. The Jooss ballet is, of course, dated, and by today's theater-dance tastes it seems very slight—indeed Jooss himself told me that despite its popularity he never considered it to be a major work—but it is old enough to have a touching period charm about it, and Jooss's choreographic plan of a continuously passing parade of city people, poor and rich, moral and immoral, during which a young laborer loses his girl to a wealthy masher, is at once nostalgic and effective in its unpretentious simplicity.

Cranko's version of the 1936 Stravinsky poker game is to my mind the best of several. Cranko's own Stuttgart Ballet danced it to perfection, and the City Center Joffrey Ballet, with Russell Saltzbach as the ebullient Joker, Denise Jackson as the unwanted Queen of Hearts, and Rebecca Wright as the buffeted Two of Hearts, was not far behind. Miss Wright, by the way, was also a knockout in *Deuce Coupe II* (or III, IV, or whatever), in Sir Frederick Ashton's *Monotones* (for which the word *exquisite* should have been invented), and in other roles that are brightened by her individuality.

A visit to Washington, D.C., enabled me to see the **New York City Ballet** away from its home (New York's Lincoln Center) and guesting at Kennedy Center. The program I attended consisted of two Jerome Robbins ballets, *An Evening's Waltzes* (Prokofiev) and *The Concert* (Chopin), and *Cortège*, George Balanchine's latest setting (he must have long since passed Tharp's numerous *Coupes*) of dances to music from Glazunov's *Raymonda*. This *Cortège* was produced in 1973 as a farewell piece for the great ballerina Melissa Hayden, on the occasion of her retirement from the company. It was, in fact,

a *pièce d'occasion* and ended with the entire cast motionless and the ballerina, centered, standing as all paid tribute to her. Foolishly, Balanchine has retained this long, immobile stretch, and the poor girl who follows Miss Hayden, and is not about to retire, is required to stand there with what might be described as "*l'oeuf sur le visage*." The New York City Ballet *corps* dancers worked their way through it (I can't say that they danced) colorlessly, unevenly, amateurishly (regional ballets are usually better), and did not do much better in the Prokofiev, although some of the principals partly redeemed the situation. But principals and *corps* rose to the demands of the wildly funny *The Concert* and gave a dismal evening an effervescent and wholly delightful finale.

WALTER TERRY



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# Theater

by Henry Hewes

## Brief Chronicles

Bernard Slade's comedy *Same Time, Next Year* supposes a delightful notion. Two happily married and otherwise faithful human beings decide to parlay an accidental one-night stand into a permanent love affair that can be consummated at a California motel only one weekend a year. Because this March of Adultery is to be viewed at five-year intervals from 1951 through 1975, each love slice can be flavored with the gravy of changing fashions and social attitudes, and with between-scene montages of recorded speeches and songs that bring back memories of that point in time.

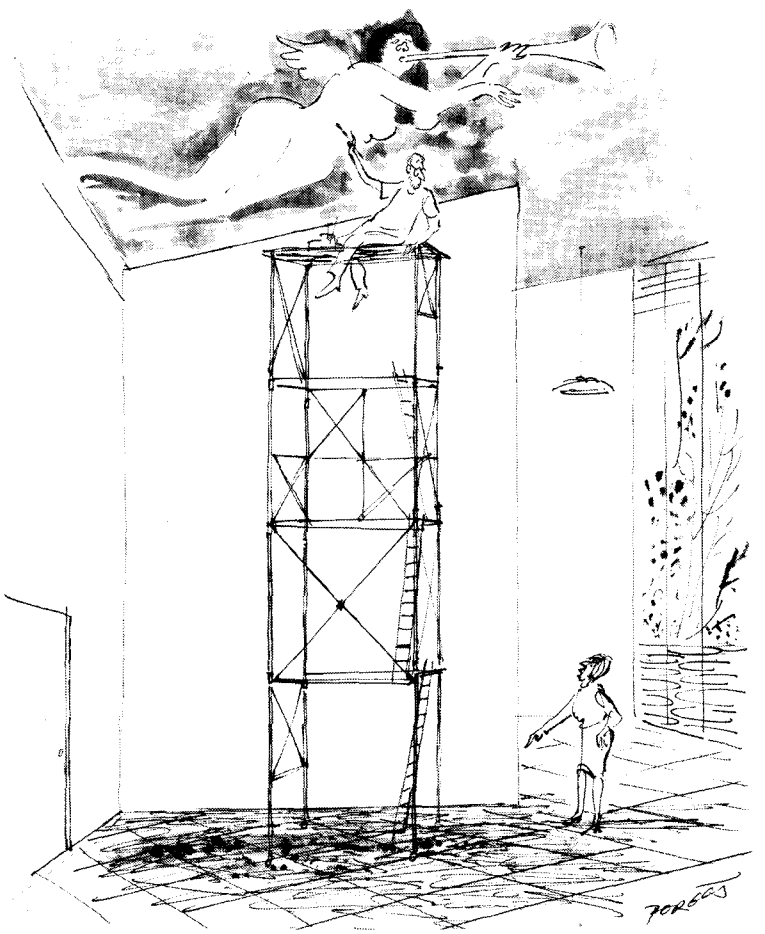
With such a promising scenario, and a willingness to do his homework, the playwright can't go very far wrong. Each demi-decade the two moteleers show up and promptly surprise us with some new complication or personality shift. And each time we laugh so regularly that we are only peripherally aware that what we are enjoying is not two believable characters manifesting their comic natures, the way they might in a play like Neil Simon's *Last of the Red Hot Lovers*, but rather two performers acting out funny things that could happen to any two people having an extramarital fling. For instance, when the nervous lover is surprised by a phone call from his mistress's husband, he abruptly acquires an uncustomary poise. His newfound masterfulness is, it turns out, essential for the pulling off of the comedy's most effective joke.

Much of the credit for promoting this chain of charades into the season's smashiest hit must go to director Gene Saks, who has staged Slade's sextet with great care, and to his two hardworking stars. Charles Grodin excels at conveying a squareness in the early scenes and a phony addiction to being "with it" later on. And not since the late Judy Holliday has an actress shown such down-to-earth sensibility and instinctive self-trust as Ellen Burstyn employs as the wife who incredibly grows from a chubby illiterate into a handsome semi-intellectual. Their expertness and concentration hold the audience so surely that we believe them even when we don't believe the play, which is, come to think of it, most of the time.

Ed Bullins's *The Taking of Miss Janie* was so successful in its initial production at the New Federal Theatre that it has been moved to Lincoln Center. This is a most appropriate use of the small Mitzi Newhouse Theatre, for Bullins's latest work, knowingly staged by Gilbert Moses, is a modest but steadily engaging play about a black college student's encounter with a liberal white girl who thoughtlessly seeks to have a platonic relationship with him.

The greatest virtue of the play, which is set in the Sixties, is the way it captures the humor that attended campus miscegenation then, with Kirk Kirksey's hilarious portrait of a black anti-integrationist balancing the satirical absurdity Sam McMurray and Bob Silver express as two overly "hip" whites. As for the final "rape" of Miss Janie, it is also comic, as Bullins makes us see that the idea of rape is essential both to the pride of the black student and to the pleasure of his none-too-chaste concubine.

New Haven's Long Wharf Theater has become, among other things, an amazingly fine producer of difficult British plays. Already their productions of *The Changing Room, The Contractor,* and *The National Health* have made enormous contributions to each of the last three New York theater seasons. And now this remarkable company has taken on its toughest assignment to date, with its presentation of David Rudkin's *Afore Night Come.* Written in 1962, Rudkin's drama deals with a bunch of men whose job it is to pick 600 crates of pears "afore night come." For quite a while we watch the workers come and empty their loads of pears into boxes. But gradually animosities appear, and the men are caught up in a gathering storm of atavistic forces that spur them into a gory act of violence. As staged by Ron Daniels, the properly gruesome murder does spill over by a hair into *Grand Guignol,* but the totally committed actors dare us not to accept its truthfulness. If we do, we may begin to share their unforgettable journey into the nature of man's darker impulses. □



*". . . and who is going to clean up the mess?"*



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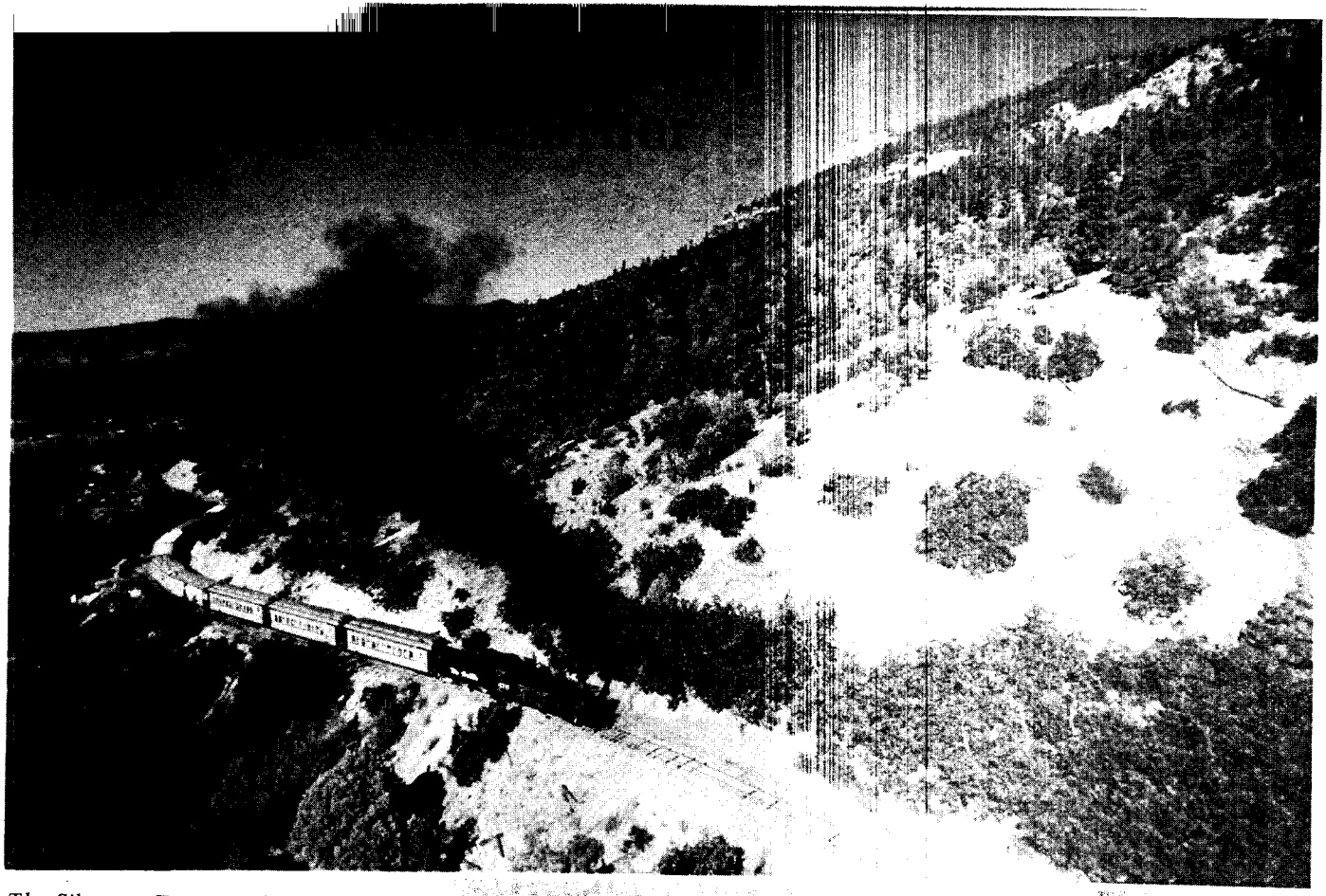

*The Silverton Express (above) and prospectors (right)—"Wagons that didn't plunge into the canyons or sink into the mud were waylaid by highwaymen."*

Bettmann

by Horace Sutton

There is a certain curiosity—can one be satisfied to call it coincidence?—in the rebirth of near-forgotten western mining towns that, in their new incarnation, return to life as thriving resorts. The earth, which once gave forth streams of silver, gold, copper, and zinc, is producing again. Travelers are the new treasure. Constricted by life in an urban huddle, seeking slopes on which to ski, streams in which to fish, mountain vistas to admire, even—should there be vestigial remains—a whiff of the Old West, they are returning to sites where earlier men dug metal out of the earth.

One has only to look at Alta, that one-time silver mine now a ski resort so handy to Salt Lake City, or at Taos Ski Valley, which began life as the mining center of Twining, 9,200 feet up in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains of northern New Mexico.

This summer there will be new life in Durango, a southwestern Colorado town that was spawned out of the San Juan silver rush of 1877. This will be the premiere summer season of Tamarron, a $20 million resort built with great style and low profile among the pines of the San Juan National Forest, 18 miles from downtown Durango.

Eventually, the resort will increase in size, becoming, upon completion of the present plans, a $60 million complex of hotel rooms, condominium apartments, and sports facilities unparalleled in southern Colorado.

The arrival of Tamarron is not the first fortuitous strike in these parts. Nearly a hundred years ago, mining camps in the high mountains made a boomtown of Silverton, 45 miles away. But hauling the ore on burro-back over the 12,588-foot-high Stony Pass, and coaxing it over the rough wagon trails in make-do stagecoaches, was a hazardous procedure. Wagons that didn't plunge into the canyons or sink into the



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*The course at Tamarron—"Golfers will find a ball travels 10 percent farther."*

mud were waylaid by highwaymen.

A railway was needed, and the Denver & Rio Grande, then laying track in the neighborhood, quickly obliged. Durango became the rail hub, and only a year after the town was born, the New York Mining Company moved in with its new smelter, ready to melt down the ore brought by rail from Silverton.

The old smelter, or the ruins of it, is still there. So is the railroad which, since 1962, has been Durango's prime attraction. As the last regularly scheduled narrow-gauge railway left in America, it makes two summer trips a day, its steam engines edging along the steep canyon walls that shoulder the Rio de las Animas between Durango and Silverton. Travelers pay $10 a head to ride the 1870 coaches pulled by diamond-stack locomotives, huffing along at an average of 13 miles an hour, on the run that takes three and one-half hours each way. Groups of 18 or more can hire private railway carriages with plush seats, iceboxes, and a stove. The minimum fare is $345 for a day's outing. Participants can nibble a catered lunch, perhaps, while contemplating the bill of fare from the old Silverton and Northern RR that is posted near the galley: chicken soup or a sardine sandwich, 25 cents; Russian caviar or chile con carne, 50 cents; private-stock whiskey, 20 cents.

The relic is by no means the principal antique of the Old West that survives in Durango. The Denver & Rio Grande Western, in spite of its summer popularity, would have to vie for that title with the Strater Hotel, a brick edifice that has been standing on the corner of Main and Seventh since it opened in 1882. Built by Henry H. Strater, a 20-year-old with grand ideas, unlimited nerve, and backing from four Strater relatives, the 50-room hotel cost $70,000, and it was considered a gem.

If anything, the Strater, which still uses its original safe, is more polished a gem than it ever was. Its 94 rooms are all equipped with bath and air-conditioning. Its present owners, Earl and Jentra Barker, have refinished it in splendid Victorian style. Color television sets often rest on marble-topped dressers, but the rooms have brass beds and handsome wooden antiques, some of which survived the siege of Vicksburg. The Barkers, who fly their own airplane, buzz off on tours of the South, where they search for antique walnut furniture, and send their booty home in a truck.

The Diamond Circle Theatre has been cited for staging some of the best melodrama still to be seen in the country. And its Diamond Belle saloon, with its red-and-gold-flocked wallpaper, gilded bar (complete with bullet hole), and upright pianos, is the scene of a nightly jam session, Victorian style. This season the Barkers will open an opera house. In a setting of old brick, Tiffany glass, and a stained-glass window rescued from an old Denver church, it will offer dinner and light opera to patrons seated at tables, supper-club style.

For a modest town sequestered in the boonies, Durango never wanted for good restaurants. In its early life there were places like Weinig's Vienna, Sum Lee's, and Muldoon's, enough to give it a cross section of disparate nationalities. Cowboys still gather to drink at the Golden Slipper in the afternoons, often in the willing company of available painted women. And the Western Steak House, whose clientele includes Ute Indians, produces Cantonese concoctions, a product of its Chinese owner.

But Durango's covey of fine restaurants, indeed an unusual number for the size of the place, really developed because of the proximity of Purgatory, a south Colorado ski resort 25 miles away. (Its owners and the help are there because they can ski by day and make a living by night.) One of the most handsome is the Assay Office, hand-built of wood and decorated with a tropical forest of plants. A cushy bar on the lower level is a masterpiece of inviting comfort, complete with a handcrafted backgammon board. Home-baked bread, sautéed bulgur, brown rice, as well as the management's refusal to sell cigarettes, are indicative of bits and pieces left over from the counterculture. The menu is otherwise rich with scampi, sauerbraten, and porterhouse steaks with Béarnaise sauce.

UP THE HIGHWAY, Sweeney's offers a similar milieu, using a scattering of chairs that don't match, drooping ferns, old sewing machines converted into tables, and a trio of barber chairs for those who would lounge in front of the fireplace. Trout, king crab, and steaks are on the card, but there are leanings here, too, toward brown rice and carrot cake. Right in town, the Ore House, black as a pot of India ink, leans Hawaiiward, toward such island standbys as *mai-tais* and *mahimahi*, the Polynesian term for "dolphin." It also does up deep-dish miners' martinis, a five-ounce pool of gin that would have a pathological introvert singing along with the guitarists and piano players who perform nightly.

Ramada and Holiday Inns exist, and one can find lodging at Pino Nuche, the Indians' own motel, restaurant, and convention center, run by the Utes in nearby Ignacio. For those who would take their ease in style, Tamarron is the perfect preserve, a 138-room, low-rise inn that opened last December alongside its 7,015-yard championship golf course, which was ready for play last fall.



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All but camouflaged in the heavy woodlands, Tamarron is using about 600 acres of the San Juan National Forest for its buildings and its athletic fields. Besides the golf course (the first of two) there is a four-court, all-season tennis bubble with 14 more outdoor courts to come. Anticipating clients out of the East, Tamarron has added platform tennis with heated flooring, permitting almost immediate play following uncooperative weather.

Considering the altitude—Tamarron is sandwiched among the mountains at 7,600 feet—tennis players have to play with high-altitude balls; golfers on the other hand will be delighted to find that a ball travels 10 percent farther in the thin air. No particular advisories are issued to those who participate in the elaborate program for horseback riding. Pack trips long and short, breakfast and steak rides, are on the summer agenda. Parties who prefer automatic locomotion can sign up for Jeep tours that will probe the mountains, invade ghost towns, and visit the Indian reservations. River-rafting trips will ride the white water of the Animas River.

The central lodge at Tamarron covers the dining rooms, bars, playrooms, and at least half the swimming pool. (The other half is outdoors.) Le Canyon, an elaborate restaurant, prepares steak Diane, *tournedos Rossini,* and *escalope de veau Oscar,* a western importation from Sweden (and, according to gastronome George Lang, named for King Oscar II) that calls for veal, white asparagus, and crab legs, served with Béarnaise sauce and noodles. *Pas à mon goût,* but they lap it up out there.

Le Canyon's menus are in French, although the waiters, mostly young American students, are considerably more at home in the mother tongue. The trout, shrimp, and steak menu at the San Juan Club makes few pretensions. At breakfast—since every accommodation has a kitchenette—room service will send down eggs and bacon and let you make your own.

Of the several in-house Tamarron saloons, Windom Peak lounge, with its silvered walls, is a throwback to the platinum Thirties; the Mine Shaft, on the other hand, fitted out with real ore cars, since upholstered, is a 100-year throwback to the first days of the San Juan treasure hunt.

All the lodgings at Tamarron, the single rooms of the inn included, are offered for condominium sale as well as hotel rental. An inn room that rents as hotel quarters for $55 a night now costs $50,000, up $15,000 from its original offering price. Apartments with an extra loft bedroom sell for $65,000. After that the apartment blocks soar skyward to $146,800. Everything comes furnished, but electric bills and maintenance fees are extra, and a membership in the golf club (at a $2,000 initiation fee and $60-a-month dues) is obligatory.

OWNERS WHO PUT their properties in the rental pool participate in the income derived when their apartments are rented as hotel rooms. A sample six-day, five-night package, two meals included, costs $215 per person, two in a room, from May to October. (Children under 12 sharing an adult's room are charged $88.75 for the same package.) Similar arrangements are available in winter when the attraction is skiing at nearby Purgatory, swimming in the pool, exercising in the gym, and playing tennis in the bubble.

Six miles down the pike, Purgatory is a high-level winter wonderland—it has a restaurant at the 10,200-foot level—with three double-chair lifts and, for the less daring, a poma lift and a rope tow. The runs are tagged with such handles as Upper Hades and Lower Hades, Pitch Fork, Limbo, and Lower Pandemonium, which leads to Pandemonium, and onward to Paradise. The shop sells shirts that say Ski Like Hell in Purgatory. Wouldn't you know.

The condominiums at Purgatory are open in summer although there isn't much to do on the grounds. The Elk Run restaurant at The Lodge at Purgatory produces fondues, sirloins, and a mountain grub special of steak, lobster, and crab all fighting each other on the same plate. The bar concocts a tripartite explosive of brandy, Kahlúa, and crème de cacao. That's called a Coffee Nudge in these parts. It's bound to brighten your evening, even if it's an odds-on favorite to cloud the morning after. □

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# Curmudgeon-at-Large by Cleveland Amory

Remember the good old days when foreign-language dictionaries gave you sentences like "The pen of my aunt is on the desk," or "Excuse me, madam, but is that my pickle?"

Today's dictionaries are a horse of an entirely different color. In proof, we offer a dictionary we picked up on a recent trip to Africa. It was entitled *Swahili for Travellers.*

To begin with, *Swahili for Travellers* has no less than 11 full pages on how to tell your Swahili doctor what is wrong with you. Traveling Americans, apparently, take their hypochondria with them. In any case, here are some of the phrases: "I feel depressed," "I'm in a nervous state," "I can't eat," "I can't sleep," and so on. The word for "nervous tension" in Swahili, incidentally, is *wasi-wasi.* The condition is, apparently, a past-tense sort of thing.

But hypochondria aside, *Swahili for Travellers* is also different from those old books in other ways. Take, for example, the question of dating. In the old days those foreign-language dictionaries would have had nice, proper phrases like "Hello." "What is your name?" "Do you mind if I sit down?" But nowadays —well, just try a few sentences from this book's passage on dating: "Are you waiting for someone?" "Are you free this evening?" "What time is your last bus?" "Do you live alone?"

These modern Swahili daters move right along, don't they? And they sure get quite a way from the pen of your aunt.

In any case, *Swahili for Travellers* thinks of everything. There's even a lovely, helpful line for when you get stuck: *"Nasikitika Siongei Kiswahili."* It means, "I'm sorry, I don't speak Swahili."

Now try it once again. *"Nasikitika Siongei Kiswahili."* Isn't that marvelous? In fact, the way we see it, there is just one trouble with it. If you can say it, you don't need to. You *do* speak Swahili.

SOCIETY NOTE TO END ALL SOCIETY NOTES—as located by Mrs. Harry Rogers Gilson, of Niskayuna, N.Y., in the Schenectady *Gazette*:

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Albers of Amsterdam Road, Scotia, have announced the engagement of their granddaughter, Miss Debra L. Albers, to Haji I. Dhorajiwala of Barrett Street, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ahmed Dhorajiwala of Karachi, Pakistan.

An alumnus of Scotia-Glenville High School, Miss Albers is employed by Two Guys Department Store. Her fiance was graduated from Pakistan High School and is a student at Schenectady County Community College, where he is majoring in electrical technology. He is employed by the Ramada Inn.

When two people are under the influence of the most violent, most insane, most delusive and most transient of passions, they are required to swear that they will remain in that excited, abnormal and exhausting condition continuously until death do them part. George Bernard Shaw.

Let's keep the editorials on the editorial page, fellows.

LETTER OF THE MONTH—as spotted by Jack Bean, of Bay City, Mich., in the *London Times*:

Sir:

At the age of 75, having put aside during my working life a sum which I thought would suffice, through investment, for my wife and myself to enjoy our later life, I find so much is taken from me in taxation that I am worse off than a person employed at an average income of £2,000 per annum.

I have come to the conclusion that thrift has not paid, and am inclined to write the following letter to the Collector of Taxes: Dear Sir:

I am unable to meet your demand for tax, as I have been held down, held up, sandbagged, walked upon, sat on, flattened out, and squeezed by income tax, super tax, tobacco tax, spirit tax, beer tax, petrol tax, motor tax, and every other tax by every society, organization, and club that the inventive mind of man can conceive, to extract what I may or may not have in my possession, for the Red Cross, Blue Cross, Double Cross, and every Ruddy Cross and hospital in the town and country.

The Government now govern my business until I do not know who the hell owns it: I am suspected, inspected, bisected, examined, informed, required, and commanded so that I do not know who I am, where I am, or why I am here at all.

All I know is that I am supposed to have an inexhaustible supply of money for every need of the human race, and because I will not beg, borrow, or steal money, or give it away, I am cursed, discussed, boycotted, talked to, talked about, held up, led up, rung up, fed up, and damned nearly ruined.

The only reason I am hanging on to life is to see what the ruddy hell will happen next.

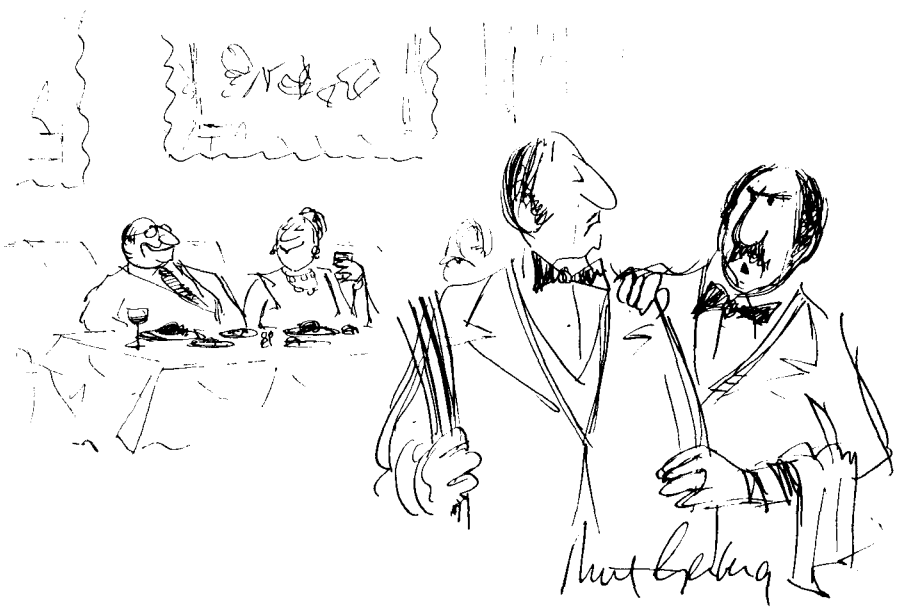
Yours faithfully,
E. Godfrey
Bewlay
Slip End
Baldock
Hertfordshire

Hang in there, Godfrey, old boy. With an address like that, the hereafter can't be anything but a letdown, anyway.

OBITUARY NEWS—as found by Marion Anson of Littleton, Colo., in the *Denver Post*:

Onassis' formal education was cut off when he was 16, but he came to speak six languages fluently: Englis, Frenc, Turkis, Italian, and Spanis, along wit is native Greek.

If not fluently, at least affluently. □



*"Qu'est-ce que c'est qu'un sac de chien?"*



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(**Haiti:** *continued from page 11.*)

The basic problems to be resolved by aid are common to the poorest members of the Third World: malnutrition; illiteracy; disease; unemployment; inadequate housing, roads, and other public services; and so on. Yet the obstacles to solving these problems here seem greater than usual. First of all, any country run by an inexperienced 23-year-old President-for-Life cannot expect to have a serious public administration. And even if it is argued that Jean-Claude is not really in charge and that Mother or Sister Marie-Denise or Papa Doc's old friends are in fact governing Haiti, it is evident that there is no logical decision-making process into which foreign aid could fit.

The civil service, underpaid, inefficient, and corrupt, is incapable of absorbing large amounts of foreign aid. It lacks the resources and authority to attract good technocrats, such as doctors or engineers, who invariably migrate to the United States or go into private practice in Haiti. Government departments simply do not function. Multilateral aid usually demands a counterpart payment in local currency from the receiving country, but Haiti can rarely meet its commitment because most of its budget is used for salaries. Joint development projects always include some Haitian technicians, but they are rarely seen.

The recent loans by the World Bank and the Inter-American Development Bank are a good example of the lack of Haitian involvement. The loans, totaling $32.2 million, were made simply because AID had agreed to sponsor and run a road-maintenance project, without which the roads would waste away within a decade.

Under Papa Doc the Haitian government proved itself incapable of helping the population. Now that aid is returning, the attitude is, "Let's see what the foreigners can do." Alone, of course, the foreigners can do little that will last. The old maxim seems applicable—"don't give a man a fish; teach him how to fish"—but the Haitian government shows no real interest in learning how to fish.

Aid, then, can work in Haiti only if foreigners do everything. But even if the resources existed, such intervention contradicts all theories on development assistance and is therefore rejected. Instead, a new foreign-aid bureaucracy has emerged to work with the local civil service. Since 1971 rents for luxury homes here have shot up because of the influx of foreign-assistance officials. Port-au-Prince's streets now resound with bouncing Jeeps, with assorted acronyms painted on their doors and white faces behind the wheels. And the various aid directors are always to be seen at the diplomatic cocktail parties. Foreign aid is present!

**"The multinational aid machine has chosen Haiti, and there is no turning back. Jean-Claude Duvalier may be a nicer chap than his father, but there is no sign that he is interested in developing his country."**

But on the eroded slopes—most of Haiti is mountainous—where the poor have been pushed by the overcrowding in the valleys, foreign aid is still unknown. The peasants only know that each year it is more difficult to feed their children, that the endemic diseases are taking an ever-larger toll, and that malaria is spreading despite the spraying programs of previous years. In the towns the influx of unproductive money, including aid, is feeding inflation, and survival is almost more difficult than in the hills.

"Sometimes I get so desperate that I want to give up," a missionary who lived through the Papa Doc period explained. "Here we all are, dozens of aid organizations, and things deteriorate every year. It's hard to think that conditions would be worse without us." But such realism is rare. Aid officials, particularly, those from foreign governments, anxiously justify their activities by insisting that Jean-Claude Duvalier "really is very much interested in development, but Haiti is just too poor to help itself." Yet what is the cost of the huge marble mausoleum that is being built beside the shining white National Palace to accommodate Papa Doc's earthly remains? None knew; so I told them—$2 million. And what is the estimated annual take of the Duvalier family's private tax fund, the *Régie du Tabac*, which appears in no national budget? About $20 million.

But the multinational aid machine has chosen Haiti, and there is no turning back. Jean-Claude Duvalier may have a better image and be a nicer chap than his father, but there is no sign that he is interested in, or capable of, developing his country. Foreign aid is "doing what it can," but if a government is not serious about development, no amount of foreign aid can help. Haiti has now been remembered by the world, but it is still forgotten by its government. □

*"That's what I like about you, Fenton. It takes a big man to admit my mistakes are his."*



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# Double-Crostic No. 73

**by Thomas H. Middleton**

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 U | 2 Z | 3 F | 4 B | 5 A | 6 P | 7 G | 8 D | 9 M | | | 10 J | 11 Z | | | 12 T | 13 C | 14 Q | 15 O | 16 K | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 17 H | 18 W | 19 Z² | 20 Y | | 21 W | 22 G | 23 R | 24 P | 25 A | 26 D | | | 27 Z | 28 H | 29 V | 30 B | 31 X | 32 A | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 33 U | 34 Q | 35 J | 36 L | | 37 M | 38 Q | 39 D | 40 F | 41 I | 42 L | 43 V | 44 L | 45 K | 46 R | 47 Y | | | 48 E | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 49 A | 50 T | | 51 C | 52 O | 53 Z¹ | 54 H | 55 G | 56 W | 57 Q | 58 V | 59 X | 60 R | | | 61 Z | 62 C | 63 F | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 64 J | 65 K | 66 E | 67 X | 68 S | 69 B | 70 F | 71 C | 72 P | 73 I | 74 T | | | 75 E | 76 Y | 77 S | 78 Z | 79 P | 80 F | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| | 81 Z | 82 B | 83 P | 84 N | | 85 G | 86 X | | 87 Z² | 88 M | 89 E | | | 90 W | 91 O | 92 A | 93 X | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 94 Z | 95 L | | 96 X | 97 U | 98 Y | 99 P | 100 B | 101 W | 102 Q | 103 A | 104 T | | | 105 C | 106 V | 107 Y | – | 108 M | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 109 G | 110 O | – | 111 J | 112 F | 113 U | 114 V | 115 B | 116 T | 117 I | 118 R | – | | 119 Z | 120 Z | – | 121 L | 122 N | 123 W | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 124 K | | 125 D | 126 C | 127 E | 128 O | 129 Q | 130 S | 131 M | 132 A | 133 Z¹ | 134 V | | | 135 Z² | 136 B | 137 H | | 138 N | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 139 L | 140 A | 141 I | 142 D | 143 X | | 144 L | 145 S | 146 X | | 147 J | 148 Z¹ | 149 S | | | 150 M | 151 W | 152 H | 153 A | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 154 O | 155 Z | 156 U | | 157 F | 158 V | 159 X | 160 S | 161 I | | 162 G | 163 O | 164 Z | 165 J | | | 166 Z | 167 L | 168 N | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 169 A | 170 B | 171 W | 172 Z¹ | 173 X | 174 D | | 175 W | 176 H | | 177 J | 178 L | 179 X | 180 I | 181 T | | | 182 W | 183 P | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 184 H | 185 R | | 186 B | 187 Y | 188 M | 189 C | 190 E | | 191 X | 192 K | | 193 P | 194 J | 195 Z¹ | | | 196 Z¹ | 197 I | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 198 C | 199 S | 200 H | 201 Q | 202 T | | 203 K | 204 T | 205 M | 206 D | 207 W | 208 S | | 209 Z¹ | 210 E | 211 Q | 212 I | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 213 J | 214 T | 215 O | 216 L | 217 Q | 218 C | 219 B | 220 Z² | | 221 H | 222 G | 223 J | 224 Z² | | 225 E | 226 D | 227 L | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 228 Q | 229 R | 230 C | 231 Z¹ | | 232 T | 233 G | 234 K | | 235 A | 236 Z¹ | 237 U | 238 M | 239 F | 240 P | 241 S | 242 Q | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |

INSTRUCTIONS

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

| CLUES | WORDS |
|---|---|
| A. Monkeyshines | 5 25 32 49 92 103 235 132 140 153 169 |
| B Batons, billies | 170 219 4 30 69 82 100 115 136 186 |
| C Embossed, inlaid (of a decorative object) | 189 13 51 105 126 198 218 230 71 |
| D. "Thou art ____ calamity." *Friar Laurence tells* Romeo (2 wds.) | 125 142 174 206 226 8 26 39 |
| E. Term applied sometimes to Edinburgh, sometimes to Copenhagen (2 wds., followed by WORD G) | 48 66 75 89 127 190 210 225 |
| F. Ruckus, hullabaloo | 239 3 40 63 70 80 112 157 |
| G. See WORD E (2 wds.) | 162 222 233 7 22 55 85 109 |
| H. Without equal | 152 176 184 200 221 17 28 54 137 |
| I. Insane | 141 161 41 73 197 117 180 212 |
| J. *Son of Deucalion and* Pyrrha; first man to mix wine with water | 223 64 177 194 213 111 147 165 10 35 |
| K. First run of the still (2 wds.) | 45 65 203 234 16 192 124 |
| L. Ridiculed or dismissed as absurd (2 wds.) | 167 178 216 36 121 139 227 42 144 95 |
| M. Undiplomatic | 108 131 150 188 205 238 9 37 |
| N. Dull, routine (comp.) | 88 122 138 168 84 |

| CLUES | WORDS |
|---|---|
| O. Invested with sovereign authority | 91 128 154 163 15 52 62 110 215 |
| P. Small, antisubmarine warship (2 wds.) | 240 6 24 72 83 99 119 183 193 |
| Q. Unimportant persons or things | 201 57 211 14 38 228 34 242 102 129 217 |
| R. Ancient city in West Asia *Minor, SSE of Izmir* | 46 185 229 79 118 29 60 |
| S. English playwright (1829–71; *Society, Caste*) | 68 77 130 149 160 199 241 145 208 |
| T. Show off | 104 116 204 214 181 74 202 12 232 50 |
| U. Rare trivalent metallic element, found in gadolinite, etc. | 156 237 1 33 44 97 113 |
| V. One of Disney's Seven Dwarfs | 43 58 134 158 114 29 106 |
| W. English poet and critic (1881–1938; *Emblems of Love, Deborah*) | 18 56 171 90 182 101 151 123 21 175 207 |
| X. Dominated; behaved arrogantly and dictatorially toward (3 wds.) | 96 67 146 143 159 31 191 59 86 179 173 93 |
| Y. Supple, flexible, especially of body | 107 187 20 47 76 98 |
| Z. Astray (3 wds.) | 94 120 11 27 2 164 81 155 61 166 78 |
| Z¹. Legal right of possession | 133 53 236 195 172 231 148 196 209 |
| Z². Trim, spruce, foppish | 19 135 87 224 220 |

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 72* appears on page 59.



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# Light Refractions

by Thomas H. Middleton

## Spelling Airers

It was a nice ego trip for me to get a letter from Louis Untermeyer asking my help with a word. He says, "As a confirmed cat-lover, I am an aelurophile. The word is frequently in print—most recently in a *New York Times* account of a cat show—but *aelurophile* isn't in any of the three dictionaries on my shelves. It's not in the *American Heritage* or the *Webster's New World* or even in the omniscient *OED*."

I'd heard the word *aelurophile* and was surprised he couldn't find it; so I checked in all my dictionaries. It's in *Webster's New International*, Third Edition. *WNI III* has been criticized by a great many people, usually because it doesn't stick to the gospel as set forth in *WNI II*. We do tend to resist change. Great as Webster's Second is, the Third is more valuable—to me, at least—in 1975. For instance, it contains *aelurophile*. Where the definition should be, it says "*var. of* AILUROPHILE" and under *ailurophile* it says, "a cat fancier: a lover of cats," which is essentially what it says in *Random House* under *ailurophile*. Evidently, the *Times* likes the *var. sp.*, as we puzzle-makers often put it.

*WNI II* doesn't have the word at all. It does tell us that *Ailuroidea* is "A group of Carnivora including the cats, civets, and hyenas," and now the thing gets muddled. Try to follow this: *ailuroidea*, in Webster's Third, is listed "*syn. of* AELUROIDEA," which is then described as "a superfamily of Carnivora comprising the cats, civets, hyenas. . . ." Back in *WNI II*, *aeluro-* is given as "A combining form from Greek *ailouros*, cat." All of which I find confusing. Anyway, if it hadn't been for *Webster's Third*, Mr. Untermeyer and I wouldn't have learned any of this.

Our problem points up one of the major reasons why there's always a movement afoot somewhere to change the spelling of the English language into something more reasonable. You can't look up a word unless you have at least the first few letters right. If a kid says, "Dad, how do you spell *fisickle*?" and Dad, hoping to teach self-reliance as well as spelling, says, "Look it up," he'll just be jamming a larger wedge into the generation gap.

It might be a good idea to have a dictionary that lists wrong spellings, as well as variant spellings: NEW-MAT-IC: wrong spelling of *pneumatic*.

In fact, if you're not busy for the next few months, you might take that up as a project. *A Dictionary of Incorrect Spellings*. No library should be without it.

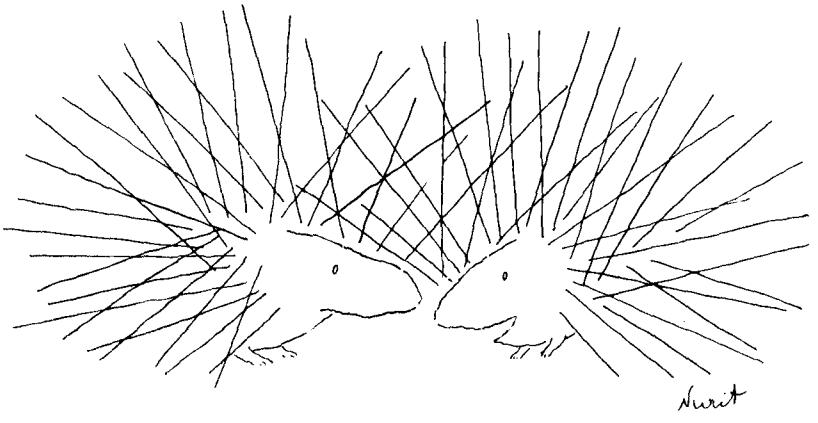
There's one word that's rarely spelled right in any newspaper, and it's a word that's easy to look up, even in a dictionary of correct spellings. The word is *nauseam*, as in the expression *ad nauseam*. It's *always* spelled *nauseum*: "The bleeding-heart liberals still go on insisting *ad nauseum* that the death penalty . . ."

A week ago, I'd have said that *nauseum* is incontrovertibly wrong and that the correct spelling is, was, and always will be *ad nauseam*, because the word is Latin and we can't change a Latin spelling simply because so many people get it wrong. Now, I'm not so sure. If *aeluro-* can be a combining form from Greek *ailouros* (which is worse, since it messes with the beginning of the word, causing problems for *The New York Times*, Louis Untermeyer, and me), *nauseum* could possibly become a *var. sp.* of *nauseam*. Sickening.

I'd be remiss if I didn't mention the one dictionary I own that lists *aelurophile* with that spelling, along with its definition, "a cat-lover." It's *Mrs. Byrne's Dictionary*, by Josefa Heifetz Byrne. The full title, in case you're not familiar with it, is *Mrs. Byrne's Dictionary of Unusual, Obscure, and Preposterous Words*.

I've never met Mrs. Byrne, but the jacket of her dictionary says she's a concert pianist and composer. Her husband, Robert Byrne, edited the dictionary and wrote the introduction. It's a smallish dictionary, claiming "6,000 of the weirdest words in the English language," and I'm grateful to Mrs. Byrne for having compiled it. She lists such words as *quakebuttock* (a coward) and one of my favorites, *philoxenist* (one who is happiest while entertaining strangers), as well as a word consisting of 1,913 letters. Remember poor old *antidisestablishmentarianism*? The 1,913-letter epic is the chemical name for tryptophan synthetase. A protein, thank God; so you'll probably never have to use it or even understand it.

I got *Mrs. Byrne's Dictionary* thanks to Mrs. Brace Paddock, of Pittsfield, Mass., who, at the age of 97, is still solving Double-Crostics. I met Mrs. Paddock's granddaughter, Joan Maxwell, a couple of months ago, and Mrs. Maxwell gave me a copy of the dictionary "for giving my grandmother so much pleasure." I hereby publicly express my gratitude to Mrs. Paddock, Mrs. Maxwell, Mrs. Byrne, and to Mr. Untermeyer, for asking me about *aelurophile* in the first place. □



*"You tickle."*

**ANSWER TO MIDDLETON DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 72**

JAMES CAMERON:
AN INDIAN SUMMER

The fatalism of the poor in India is not apathy but disassociation from unhappiness, just as the cruel indifference of the rich around them is not necessarily callous, or cynical, but an equal acceptance of the *dharma* that feeds them and keeps others hungry.

Answer to *Wit Twister* (see page 36): elapst, septal, staple, patels, plates, petals, tepals, pleats, palets, palest, pastel.

Answer to *Literary Crypt No. 33* (see page 45): the English may not like music, but they absolutely love the noise it makes. Thomas Beecham



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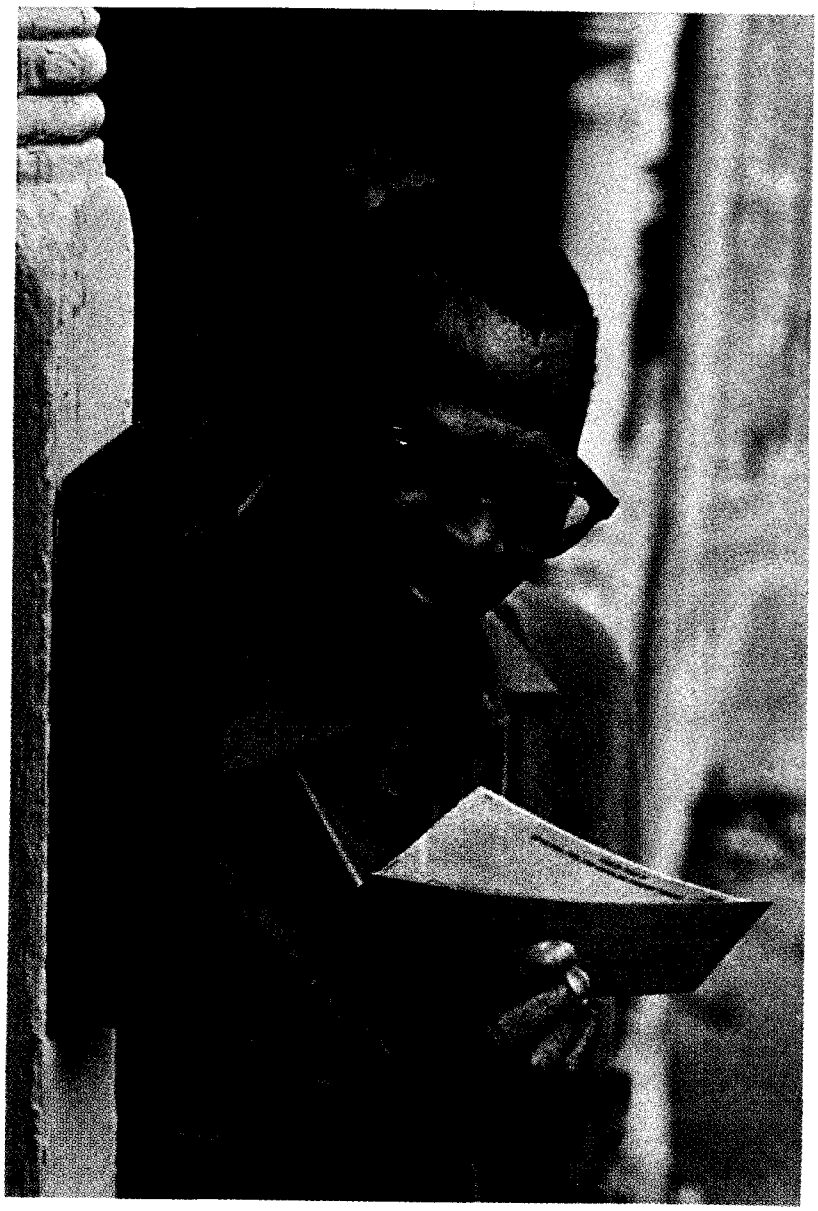
# 35,139 retired people depend on pension checks from Bethlehem Steel



Bob Jenkins's monthly pension check from Bethlehem Steel will arrive as regular as clockwork. Bob owns his home in Bethlehem, Pa. He's a Trustee of his church, and a member of the Elks. Bob expects "to travel more than I've been able to, visit my two married daughters and their families, and do a lot more of my favorite hobby—bowling."

## Bob Jenkins is one of them

Bob Jenkins started at our Bethlehem, Pa., steel plant as a chipper in the billet yards.

When Bob decided last September to retire, he'd advanced to temporary foreman. He was a valuable member of our work force for forty years.

Now Bob's a member of another Bethlehem Steel "family"—our *retirement* family. It's 35,139 members strong at this writing and growing every year. In 1974, for example, 3,521 Bethlehem employees retired and are now receiving their monthly pension checks.

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**Bethlehem** BETHLEHEM STEEL

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